

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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# THE TATLER and BYSTANDER



## VIVIEN LEIGH IN A NEW SCREEN ROLE

Wearing a magnificent ball gown of black satin, velvet and taffeta designed by Cecil Beaton, Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier) is seen as Anna Karenina in the film version of Tolstoy's eponymous novel which Sir Alexander Korda is producing. The book has been filmed before, notably with Greta Garbo, but this production, which is being handled by the famous French director Jules Duvivier, is taking an entirely new and realistic approach to the story, and the observer is made to feel that the scenes are altogether natural. With Vivien Leigh is Sir Ralph Richardson, as Karenin, and the young Irish actor Kieron Moore as Vronsky





Decoration by Wysard

# Portraits in Print

Sean Fielding

THE smooth rhythm of Henley's Royal Regatta was in no way impaired by the occasional mutterings of distant thunder, nor by the coldish breezes that came with lowering clouds; nor did the sustained violence of toothache stoically endured by Mr. C. B. R. Barton prevent his stroking Jesus College, Cambridge, to victory over a much heavier crew of Dutchmen in the Grand Challenge Cup, and thus lifting the hearts of one and all who watched the struggle, including (I feel certain) that of the ghost of long-dead Cranmer, another stoic and Fellow of Jesus.

It might be argued (a) there is no evidence of ghosts possessing hearts; (b) Cranmer cannot possibly have had any interest in a regatta since such affairs were not introduced into this country until nearly 200 years after Cranmer had died; and (c) ghosts are not allowed at Henley, anyway. I dismiss these considerations, bland in the knowledge that none can prove that the one-time Archbishop of Canterbury's misty outline was *not*, in fact, present and standing by my side peering with the deepest interest at Mr. Barton and his crew and joining (voiceless) in the huge applause that spurred the watermen on.

## Macaulay Denounces

CERTAINLY the old fellow knew pain at the very closest quarters and suffered it in silence, as did Mr. Barton in respect of his jaw. Macaulay may later have adjudged him, "Unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a timeserver in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend"; but the record makes it perfectly clear that when Cranmer went to the stake he was steadfast and resolute to the point of deliberately holding out his right hand to the flames that it might be burned first and thus expunge the sin of having written a series of infamous recantations. History has certainly pushed him around somewhat unkindly. Yet he was not an ambitious man and did not seek the demanding friendship which Henry VIII bestowed upon him. It is not even certain that he had always wished to enter the Church, although once having done so he took the matter seriously. Accident, more than design, played a tremendous part in his career and it was an after-dinner discussion upon the king's affairs, later reported to Henry, which led to his being summoned to the royal presence

(and service) in these terms: "I will speak to him. Let him be sent for out of hand. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear."

This charming expression of Henry's may be applied to the lady/gentleman who first thought of having a regatta on the Thames. I have no record of the person and know only that Lady Mary Wortley Montague is credited with having told friends in England of the magnificent regattas she had seen in Venice and that these friends for long tried to do something of the same for London Society. They would appear to have had no success until some years after Lady Mary's death and then, after much preparation and several disappointments—due to inclement weather, one is encouraged to note—the show took place on June 23, 1775. The programme, which was submitted to the public a month before, requested ladies and gentlemen to arrange their own parties, "except those who should apply to the managers of the Regatta for seats in the barges lent by the several City Companies for the occasion."

The rowers were uniformly dressed in accordance with the three marine colours—red, white and blue. The white division was directed to take position at the two arches on each side of the centre arch of Westminster Bridge; the red division at the four arches next to the Surrey shore; and the blue at the four on the Middlesex side of the river. The company embarked between five and six in the evening and at seven all the boats moved up the river to Ranelagh in procession, led by their respective marshals in twelve-oared barges.

## Moneymaking Event

MY contemporary account of it all says that early in the afternoon the river from London Bridge to Millbank was crowded with pleasure boats and scaffolds—gaily decorated with bunting and flags—were erected wherever a view of the Thames could be obtained. Half a guinea was asked for a seat in a coal-barge and vessels, fitted for the purpose, drove a brisk trade in refreshments of all kinds. The avenues to Westminster Bridge were thick with gaming-tables and constables guarded every passage to the water, taking from half a crown to one penny for liberty to pass. Soon after six o'clock concerts were held under the arches of West-

minster Bridge, and a salute of twenty-one cannon announced the arrival of the Lord Mayor. A race of wager-boats followed, and then the procession moved in a picturesque irregularity to Ranelagh.

## Seven Were Sacrificed

THE ladies were dressed in white, and the gentlemen in undress frocks of all colours; about 200,000 persons were supposed to be on the river at one time. The company arrived at Ranelagh at nine o'clock where they joined those who came by land in a new building called the Temple of Neptune. This was a temporary octagon, lined with stripes of red, white and blue cloth, and having lustres hanging between each pillar. Supper and dancing followed and the entertainment did not conclude until the next morning. Many accidents occurred when the boats were returning after the regatta, and seven persons were unfortunately drowned."

One cannot help but be sorry for the drowned seven, but O, my masters! *what* a regatta; *what* a party. The highlight must (in my view) have been "the gentlemen in undress frocks of all colours." Splendid, splendid.

## Doggett's Bequest

WHAT a great river is our Thames, and great the matters and persons that have poised for a while upon her smooth, brown breast. Among these latter is my favourite, Thomas Doggett, who founded the famous watermen's rowing match which takes place annually on August 1. Tom was a native of Dublin and a very popular actor in the early part of the eighteenth century. He is described as "a little, lively, sprat man who danced the *Cheshire Rounds* full as well as the famous Capt. George, but with more nature and nimbleness." Tony Aston, in a very rare theatrical pamphlet, states that he travelled with Tom Doggett when the little man was manager of a strolling-player company, and he gives a very different idea of a stroller's life, as it was then, to that generally entertained. Each member of the company wore a brocade waistcoat, kept his own horse on which he rode from town to town, and was everywhere respected as a gentleman.

And Colley Cibber, the sculptor's son turned actor-playwright whose *The Careless Husband* so deeply moved Horace Walpole, describes



Doggett as the most original and strictest observer of nature of all his contemporaries.

### Paragon of Good Taste

HE borrowed from none, though he was imitated by many. In dressing a character to the greatest exactness, he was remarkably skilful; he could be extremely ridiculous without stepping into the least impropriety and knew exactly when and where to stop the current of his jokes. He could also paint his face to resemble any age from manhood to senility—which caused Sir Geoffrey Kneller to say that Doggett excelled him in his own art, for he could only copy nature from the originals before him, while the actor could vary them at pleasure and yet always preserve a true resemblance.

Doggett, ardent student of politics, was a tremendous enthusiast for the Hanoverian succession and it was in honour of this event that he gave the waterman's coat and badge to be rowed for on the first anniversary of the accession of George I to the throne. And at his death he bequeathed a sum of money, the interest on which was to be appropriated annually, for ever, to the purchase of a like coat and badge—"orange in colour, and the badge representing the white horse of Hanover."

I trust that the masters of the Fishmongers' Company, who are Doggett's trustees, do see that the young watermen of today are fully apprehended of the background of this honourable and venerable affair. For if a Dublin man put the beauties of the Thames above those of his own sweet Liffey, then he is to be held in accurate remembrance at all times.

The Jesus College crew were in no doubt about their background and how very much they owe to, in the first place, Steve Fairbairn,

## AESOP'S FEEBLES

### THE TIGER AND THE KEEPERS

Tigers, one would expect to find,  
Possess a Nazi sort of mind—  
A militaristic sort of mind, like Goering.  
And this in actual fact is true;  
I know one at the local Zoo  
In whom one sees that sort of thing occurring.

For instance, take his attitude  
To keepers. He's not only rude,  
He *eats* them, with an air of condescension;  
Some two a week has been the norm—  
But if they're wearing uniform  
He does it standing strictly to attention.

The uniform and rank and things—  
That is the only bell that rings,  
The only argument that he thinks weighty.  
He'd swallow Corporals (e.g.)  
Since they wear fewer stripes than he,  
Just four, against his seventy or eighty.

I think that there we have the clue  
To what is to be done. The Zoo  
Must dress their keepers up in yards of braiding.  
Just like those Air Chief Marshal types;  
And when the tiger counts their stripes  
And finds he's *down* . . . believe you me, he's fading.

### Immoral

A Man's a Man for a' that.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

and in the second to Mr. Derek Mays-Smith and Mr. Frank Coulton, their coaches.

Steve it was who called Frank Coulton "The Caveman," after his pupil had broken a blade in one of his immense pulls. That blade is now a pipe rack belonging to Frank's father, W. T. "Skipper" Coulton, who is still the most colourful figure in all the village of Fleet Street, and who is in the correct tradition of great Londoners. He and Tom Doggett would have hit it off famously, the pair of them bold, bubbling springs of wit and vast humour, both adoring the very pavements of the first city of the world, both "little, lively, spract

men," both sporting knife-edge beards. I do not think Tom Doggett produced any sons of note; whereas the "Skipper" had three, Richard (who was lost off Benghazi), Brian, who got his Blue in '38, and Frank who helped coach the crew of which we have spoken—all of them Jesus men and all magnificent oarsmen.

They tell me that the crew sent Frank Coulton a telegram—he is in India—thanking him for the help he gave; and this, I think, was a kind and thoughtful thing to do in an age when neither good manners nor gratitude is a noticeable virtue.

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Mons. Erik Boheman,  
Swedish Minister at St.  
James's

FROM the vigorous, fair-haired giants of Sweden, conscious of aristocracy of race, industrial leadership, social aliveness, great wealth and intellectual calm, it is reasonable to expect a representative who is physically and culturally a stalwart among men. In the new Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at St. James's the Swedes maintain their prestige, a pride that has to be seen in Stockholm, the capital-of-isles, to be believed. (For example, who has found a scrap of paper on the grass in the parks of this Dubrovnik of the north?)

Nevertheless, few Swedes seem eager to perpetuate their Eden, for in an area almost twice that of the British Isles the six million pure Aryans included over a million adult bachelors and over a million adult spinsters in a recent year. Stockholm's half million residents have about 65,000 one-person homes.

It is difficult at first to realize that His Excellency Mons. Erik Boheman with vast shoulders, powerful chin, strong brown eyes and sharply chiselled features, is not Lord Vansittart, for the two are startlingly alike in laugh, mannerisms, brilliance of conversation and occupational background. For years Vansittart was real head of the Foreign Office; Boheman held that post in Stockholm from hazardous 1938 till the visible horrors ceased in 1945.

BUT wild life flourishes undisturbed on Vansittart's estate, while Boheman does not mind attending shoots. There is his notable visit to the Polish forests, during Poland's flirtation with the Nazis, 1934-1939. The pot-bellied Goering, emissary of Hitler, favoured the Polish President with his presence. Moscicki invited the American, German and Swedish heads of mission, also, of course, Josef Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, maestro of the flirtation. There were five meals, in chalets or huts. Goering's aide-de-camp religiously drew a plan every time, to ensure that protocol was carefully observed in the seating. Each time the aide-de-camp's photographer took pictures of every guest, alone. On every plan the pictorial

evidence was added anew. At long last Boheman could resist the question no longer. Turning to the aide-de-camp he said, "But why do you have photographs taken every time, although the seating plan is always the same?" Without a smile, without a blink the Prussian answered, "Excellency, every meal is historic."

From the cavalry Boheman went to the Foreign Office with a Stockholm University degree in law. Posted to France he spent many hours in the cellars of Rouen, taking shelter from the Kaiser's airmen. Then, as private secretary to the celebrated Branting, he tasted travel. What an autobiography this observer could write. Minister in Ankara, he was seeing the Turkish Peter the Great, Kemal, putting the Occident on the shoulders of the Orient; in Bulgaria, simultaneously, he was watching the pathetic Boris struggling with troubles and trains; at the same time he was advising Sweden on rearmament, on the League, on affairs in Athens, also being Minister to the Greeks.

THENCE, Warsaw, and in 1938, the Foreign Office in Stockholm. But, in Great Britain we will remember Boheman for the triumph of his five highly delicate missions to us in the war years, when he negotiated treaties that helped the Allies in a dozen priceless adventures. His was the hand that arranged the flight to the Allies by speed boat and aeroplane of vital munitions, of soldiers and other personages; the dispatch to Sweden of oil to maintain her navy and air force in a state of defiance of the Nazis.

With his accentless English, French, German and Italian, Boheman will settle down to valuable work in London, for the British like to have proved friends in their midst, friends with impeccable manners.

George Bilainkin



# Show Guide

## Straight Plays

**Jane** (Aldwych). Somerset Maugham's cynical and witty dialogue and Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

**Off the Record** (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

**A Sleeping Clergyman** (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

**Boys in Brown** (Duchess). The great problem of which Borstal is the symbol sympathetically treated.

**We Proudly Present** (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

**Born Yesterday** (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

**Present Laughter** (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

**Edward, My Son** (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

**The Voice Of The Turtle** (Piccadilly). John van Druten's witty and cynical sidelight on young love in springtime, with Margaret Sullivan and Wendell Carey.

**Noose** (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up to seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

**Life With Father** (Savoy). Leslie Banks as an explosive but lovable domestic tyrant, deftly controlled by Sophie Stewart.

**1066 And All That** (Strand). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

**Worm's Eye View** (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

**Deep Are the Roots** (Wyndham's). Moving study of the U.S. colour problem, with Patrick Barr.

**A Midsummer Night's Dream** (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Homer and Patricia Kneale.

## With Music

**Bless the Bride** (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

**Sweetest and Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**Annie, Get Your Gun** (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

**Oklahoma!** (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

**Perchance to Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

**Here, There and Everywhere** (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

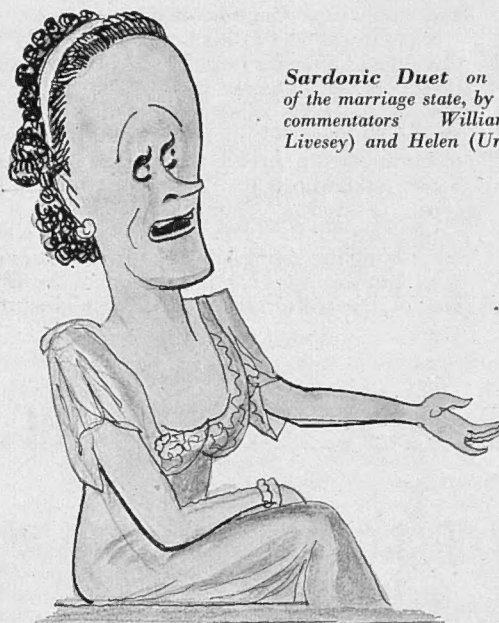
**Piccadilly Hayride** (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

**The Nightingale** (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.

Sketches  
by  
Tom Titt



*Conjugal Stress and Strain as experienced by Paul and Rosemary and expressed by Hugh Kelly and Joy Shelton*



*Sardonic Duet on the pitfalls of the marriage state, by the detached commentators William (Roger Livesey) and Helen (Ursula Jeans)*



*Philip and Joyce (Dennis Arundell and Jane Carr) discourse engagingly, with the aid of twin pianos, upon the course of the plot, in which they are only slightly involved*



# At the Theatre

"Ever Since Paradise" (New)

As the new Priestley settled into St. Martin's Lane one parching night it raised a dense cloud of adjectives. It was delightful and witty; it was verbose and pretentious and pompous and boring; it was original and affecting. There was never a clearer instance of comedy forced to appeal over the head of critical authority to the decision of the individual taste.

"Not presume to dictate," but since to my taste the entertainment is a most engaging piece of make-believe I shall venture to make a selection from the adjectives, discarding "boring" and "pompous" and "pretentious" and "original" and retaining "witty" and "delightful" and "affecting." "Verbose," if retained at all, must be heavily qualified, and I shall throw in "a touch of banality" in a probably futile effort to explain why a play written on a pretty high level of accomplishment so sharply divided good judges.

THERE really is nothing very original in putting a play within a play and letting two of the four characters outside the mimic stage provide a running commentary on its action, and on occasion lend a hand in the acting of a scene, while the two other characters sit at pianos sometimes quarrelling with each other and sometimes contributing a musical commentary. The arrangement is not even as involved as it sounds. Nor need it be pretentious; it is just one way of telling a story on the stage.

THE method has to satisfy several rather exacting tests. We have to be adroitly entertained while the four characters who are to come between us and the inner stage discuss marriage in the abstract, and then focus attention on the particular case of some young friends

of theirs who are in danger of drifting apart.

The play, to my thinking, passes this test with flying colours. Miss Ursula Jeans and Mr. Roger Livesey, Mr. Dennis Arundell and Miss Jane Carr have no difficulty in presenting these people as witty and likeable; and there is the extra gratification of catching the author in the disarming act of laughing at himself as someone's hankering to explain marriage in terms of a time theory is roughly stayed in mid-sentence, or the sham profundity just about to impose itself is ruthlessly exposed as bogus.

ANOTHER test is that the interventions of Miss Jeans and Mr. Livesey in the mimic play shall be not only amusing but in keeping with the story of the young lovers who are, bit by bit, drifting to divorce through a series of silly little mistakes. All the interventions are extremely amusing, and only one of them—the rowdy friend who flourishes bachelor temptations at the husband—is, I think, out of key with the mimic drama.

But the mimic drama itself is surely not quite what Mr. Priestley hoped it would be, a modern *Everyman and His Wife*. It is touched, not with universality, but with banality. Mr. Priestley's belief in the fundamental goodness of human nature, which is his strength as an essayist, can be his weakness as a dramatist, and when his characters have healed old bitternesses with liberal applications of reason and good sense he means us to suppose that they have found happiness.

Perversely we see them as six characters in search of fresh illusions. It is perhaps this failure in persuasion that explains why a piece so wittily written, so ingeniously constructed and so well acted by all concerned should raise a cloud of warring adjectives.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The Other Woman, an idealized portrait by Ursula Jeans of the typical serpent in the Eden of matrimony

## Backstage with Beaumont Kent

At the beginning of the season I referred to Robert Atkins as one of the leading optimists of the theatre. After the depressing experience of last year it required high courage to risk the hazards of the English summer at the Open Air Theatre again. But never was optimism better rewarded than it has been this season in Regent's Park where there have been audiences averaging approximately 1,700 every fine evening. It has been the most successful season since the theatre was inaugurated fifteen years ago.

The next production will be *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which opens on Tuesday with Bancroft Gold Medallist, Patricia Kneale, as Titania and Mary Honer as Puck. Robert Atkins, who will again play Bottom, had made up his mind to give *The Dream* a rest this year but the demand for this ideal pastoral play has been overwhelming. He has received 170 letters asking for it, many of them from Americans who are visiting England this summer.

At the end of the season Atkins will apply himself to the most ambitious of his projects—that is to stage the whole of Shakespeare's historical plays in chronological sequence in one week—a scheme which has never been accomplished before. A provincial tour will be followed by a West End season.

The financial backer of this interesting venture is Mr. John Buckley, a wealthy, seventy-year-old North Country business man and cinema owner who backed the current revival of *1666 and All That*.

GUY BOLTON, whose stage work has mostly been associated hitherto with musical comedy, has written a serious play in *Shelley*—a straightforward

life of the rebel poet which will be seen at the Mercury at the beginning of August.

It will be produced by Robert Henderson who, as soon as the rehearsals are in full swing, will turn to the production of *Tobacco Road* which is coming to the New Lindsey Theatre with practically an all-American cast.

THE Tennent firm has some interesting plans for the autumn. They include a revival of Tchekoff's *The Cherry Orchard* and the production of yet another play by James Bridie, *Old Nobility*, in which Fay Compton will star.

WHO or what is "Physhe," the name which figures so prominently on the programmes of Emile Littler productions?

This peculiar pseudonym conceals the identity of Miss P. L. Wright, a clever individual who, since joining the Littler organization eighteen years ago, has been a most important cog in its wheel. Her artistic sense has found fine scope at Pantomime House, Birmingham, the factory which produces the multifarious units that go to the making of a stage production.

"Physhe" runs this Aladdin's cave, completely assembles each new show and is responsible for seeing that every item down to the smallest prop goes to its appointed place for town or tour. She designed all the costumes and devised the colour scheme for *Annie, Get Your Gun*.

Born and educated in Birmingham, she studied art there and gained her early experience at the Birmingham Rep. under Paul Shelving. She spends her scanty leisure at her weekend cottage in Warwickshire,

where she paints from nature. One of her water colours, "Trees," is in the current Birmingham Art exhibition.

PATRICK BARR has achieved the biggest chance of his stage career in *Deep Are The Roots*, the play about the American colour bar which has just opened at Wyndham's.

Barr, a sturdy specimen who developed his muscles as an Oxford rowing Blue, left the university with engineering ambitions. He worked for three years as a welder and riveter, but during the engineering slump turned to film crowd work and graduated to the stage from the hard school of repertory and outer-London theatres. During the war he served with a Quaker unit of the Free French ambulance organization and received the Croix de Guerre for his bravery in rescuing wounded soldiers under fire.

London last saw him with Diana Wynyard, Hugh Williams and Ronald Squire in the short-lived *Portrait in Black*.

MUCH more, I predict, will be heard of Michael Benthall who, with *The Merchant of Venice*, has just shown something of his quality in his first production for the Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. He has visualized the play in terms of what he describes as "balletic-fantasy."

Benthall, who is twenty-nine, was with the O.U.D.S. and the Old Vic before the war. He served as a major in the army until 1946, but during the war found time to devise the production of *Hamlet* for the Old Vic. Last year he wrote the scenario and co-produced *Adam Zero* for the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden.



## Youngman Carter



**Mai Zetterling**, the Swedish actress who plays the title role in Michael Balcon's new production, "*Frieda*"

# At The Pictures

## According to the Book

**T**AKE twenty-four British actors of distinction, add one Continental star, a well-known producer, two directors, two writers, the bones of one play, and assorted technicians, place in a comfortable English setting and allow to simmer gently. When ready, cut and assemble, adding symphony orchestra to taste.

Is this the ideal recipe for an animated kinematograph entertainment? Ealing Studios evidently think so, for they have followed the directions on the wrapper, and now present *Frieda* at the Odeon, Leicester Square. If the result is not very digestible the fault does not lie with the players or with the cameramen, but with the unseen experts who have failed to deal with the other basic ingredient of drama which is plot.

As a dramatic *hors d'oeuvre* the opening of the film promises well enough. It is April, 1945. In a ruined Polish church between the Russian and German lines a young couple are being married. Shells are bursting all about: the priest is hurrying his words.

The bridegroom is Robert Dawson (David Farrar), an R.A.F. officer who has escaped from a prison camp. The girl is Frieda (Mai Zetterling), a German nurse who has been helping him on his way.

Before the ceremony, to which there are no witnesses, is completed, the shelling becomes so intense that the couple run for it, with the priest shouting a final benediction after their heels.

Now as far as Robert is concerned this is not a marriage of love but of gratitude, the object being to get the girl a British passport, thus saving her from the Iron Curtain and the well-known Legion of Worse-than-Death. Yet, without any visible means of supporting their claim to be man and wife, they not only escape on a mysterious and empty train still running through No Man's Land, but turn up as fast

as one set can dissolve into the next, at Denfield, the pleasant little English provincial town which is Robert's home.

This arrival is, not unnaturally, a sensation, and for the first time comes a brief glimpse of reality. His mother, his young stepbrother, his widowed sister-in-law (whom he clearly ought to have married originally), the housekeeper, and the entire family circle react vividly and convincingly to the newcomer. These scenes, beautifully acted and most intelligently directed, are the best of the day's work.

It now emerges that Frieda is a Catholic and cannot live with her husband until a second ceremony has been performed in a church of her own faith. Quietly and sensibly she sets about winning her husband's love and the affection of the family before embarking on matrimony proper.

**H**ER success is only partial. Aunt Nell (Flora Robson) has uncompromising views on Germans and she is, moreover, a Parliamentary candidate for an unstated party. The election is fought and indeed won, it would appear, entirely on her opinions about her nephew's wife—a most unjust and inaccurate reflection upon any constituency.

Robert, who has been demobbed with astounding rapidity, resumes his job as a local schoolmaster apparently in mid-term, but feeling runs too strongly against him and he resigns.

Judy, the widowed sister-in-law (Glynis Johns), has her own problem. She has fallen in love with Robert yet cannot resist a human sympathy for Frieda. Here again a flash of genuine feeling creeps into the tale and at one point it seemed that Miss Johns, an accomplished actress, was going to run away with matters on her own account, but it was only the directors exploiting a good tear-jerking angle on the main business.

Meanwhile Robert is gradually developing his affection for Frieda, but just as the conventional happy ending looms ahead, this tactless young man takes her to see a film of Belsen, a gesture which upsets the marriage programme considerably. How he managed this is not clear. The Belsen pictures were released in April of that year, whilst the pair were in Poland, yet we are asked to accept this as a newsreel in a Home Counties cinema nearly six months later.

By Christmas, however, this little trifle has blown over and the date for the official marriage is fixed, when another problem crops up. This time it is Frieda's brother Ricky (Albert Lieven), now dressed as a Polish soldier, but in reality a fanatical Nazi. Not only is he at heart a conventional German thug, but he is denounced as such in the saloon bar by a returned British prisoner-of-war who still bears the scars of his cruelty.

Robert and Ricky fight it out in as vicious a set-to as has been photographed for months, our man being the winner by a succession of K.O.s with a possible charge of manslaughter to follow.

But once again he has lost his love for Frieda, and this time the wretched girl decides to drown herself. At the last moment she is saved—by Robert, too—and the final fade-out suggests that true love has dawned at last.

The sad truth is that a mixture of muddled thinking and muddled chronology has been substituted for a sound basic plot: situations have been allowed to develop at random and every emotional angle exploited from sequence to sequence, as and where it occurred. Maybe the recipe is at fault—or were there too many cooks?

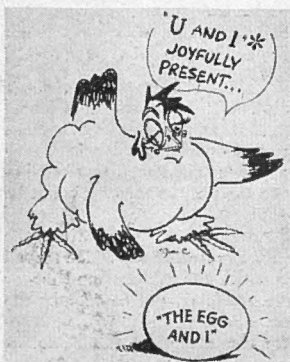
**A**NOTHER formula (take one best-seller and film it) has been followed by the makers of *The Egg and I* now at the New Gallery; but the result, like certain wines which are drinkable enough in their home country, will not stand travel. The original novel, which had a certain racy wit about it, concerned the episodic adventures of a young couple trying to start a chicken farm in the backwoods. It has now been turned into one of those light comedies of the whimsy school, a spiritual heir to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and the works of Jean Webster, Gene Stratton Porter, and Ethel Teeny Diddle—simple, human, rustic, quaint, lovable and full of delightful character studies with dialect which doubtless ring millions of tinkling little bells in the great nostalgic sentimental heart of the U.S.A.

The effect over here is about as enthralling as a pedestrian version of *Patience* minus music would prove to the students of a technical college in Omsk.

Miss Claudette Colbert, always an enchanting comedienne, makes the first half hour or so bearable. But the running time is officially given as 107 minutes.

## CLAUDETTE COLBERT

and insouciant touch, supremely French, of her native Paris, and her remarkable achievement has been to win the reputation of a first-class comedienne without losing a very considerable claim to glamour. Her celebrity has kept step with the rise of talking films. After going to New York, where she attended the Washington Irving High School, she had extensive stage experience and made one silent picture. Then, surviving the wholesale massacre of established and rising reputations which the talkies unleashed in Hollywood, she quickly became a favourite screen personality, a distinction she seems likely to retain indefinitely









# THE ASCOT OF ROWING: HENLEY



Miss Joan Barker set a fashion note with a white hat trimmed with roses



Mrs. A. N. P. Wilson also had flowers on her charming coolie hat



Mrs. Joan Scott wore an all-white ensemble very suitable to the weather



Mrs. Hylton-Smith, another spectator who favoured the wide brim and token crown of a coolie hat



The bank was crowded to watch the finals, during which the Grand Challenge Cup was won by Jesus College, Cambridge, from a Dutch crew (see "Portraits In Print," p. 66). The holders, who won the Cup last year, were Leander



Mr. C. D. Milling and Mrs. David Raikes in the enclosure



Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, who live near Henley



Miss Deedes, Mrs. Illingworth and Mrs. Quiller Gold during an interval in the racing. The weather for the Regatta was good and some very exciting rowing was seen



# ROYAL REGATTA



Lord Tedder watching an event from a step-ladder, assisted by Lady Tedder



Mr. H. W. Rushmere and Mrs. P. Hill expressed the spirit of the occasion in typical summer attire



The Ambassador, the Hon. Lewis W. Douglas, and Mrs. Douglas, with their son, Peter, and daughter, Sharman, wave greetings to some of the 3000 guests at the Embassy residence, 14, Princes Gate



Kathleen Lady Hartington, daughter of former Ambassador Mr. Joseph Kennedy, was one of the guests



Mrs. Merrill Mueller, another guest, wore an attractive mushroom-style hat at this immensely successful reception



The Prime Minister with the U.S. Naval Attaché, Commodore Tully Shelley, C.B.E., Legion of Merit



Mrs. R. N. Keifert, of Arkansas, and Mrs. H. V. Weed, of Chicago

The United States Ambassador Gives  
an Independence Day Reception



*Janifer writes*

# HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

ANOTHER of those very happy and informal cocktail parties which have become a feature of Palace entertainment in recent years was given by their Majesties in honour of the members of the Council of the British Empire Service League and their wives. Princess Elizabeth, fresh from her newest experience of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, a rare honour for anyone not in the forefront of scientists, and even more rare for a woman, was with her father, mother and sister, and enjoyed talking over her South African experiences with representatives from the Union. Guests were entertained in the Bow Room and Grand Hall at this, the first party of its kind to be given at the Palace since their Majesties' return from South Africa.

Both the King, who is personally a keen farmer, and the Queen much enjoyed their day at "the Royal"—the first post-war Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, at Lincoln. That veteran agriculturist, Viscount Bledisloe, who has just returned from a long tour of New Zealand, was among those with whom the King had long talks about the farming industry, and others who met their Majesties, and lunched with them in the Royal Pavilion, included Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the Earl of Athlone, Viscountess Bledisloe, Lord and Lady Brownlow, Sir Archibald Weigall, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and Lady Weigall, Sir Roland and Lady Burke, Lord and Lady Courthope, Lord and Lady Cranworth (whom the King congratulated on winning so many awards with their pedigree cattle), Lord and Lady Hazlerigg, Lord and Lady Digby, the Earl of Radnor, the Earl of Yarborough, and Lord Heneage.

A REALLY warm summer evening added to the enjoyment of guests at the small dance which the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland gave recently at their Surrey home for the Duke's goddaughter, Raine McCorquodale, and also for their many South African and American friends now visiting this country. In between dancing, to Bill Savill's band which played superbly in the long gallery, guests could stroll around the beautiful gardens where the herbaceous borders were a blaze of colour, or to the swimming pool in its walled garden, where delphiniums and lilies were at their best against the red brick walls, while the scent of stocks and cherry pie filled the warm night air. Inside the house were also wonderful flowers; in every room there were huge vases which had all been exquisitely arranged by the Duchess.

The Duke's mother, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, dined with the house-party before the dance, but went to bed early. She was on her way up to Dunrobin where she was looking forward to seeing her two great-grandsons, the twin sons of Captain and Mrs. Janson, who were born in January this year.

Among others staying in the house were the Duke of Marlborough with his son and youngest daughter, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Miss Raine McCorquodale, who looked enchanting at the dance in a white picture frock, and her mother, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, the Hon. Willoughby and Mrs. Norman, the Duchess's sister, Mrs. Emanuel, Mr. Gerald Legge, and the Hon. Ronald Strutt, who had ridden a winner at Sandown that afternoon. The Marchioness of Crewe, looking nice in an apricot-coloured dress, came over to dine, and so did Mrs. Idina Mills, the Hon. Roland Cubitt and his son, Jeremy.

Several friends motored down from London, and many neighbours brought their house-parties. These included Loelia Duchess of

Westminster, who brought Lady Rothermere, Mr. Ian Fleming, Mr. Viggo de Wichfeld, and Mr. Patcevitch, who was on a visit from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, the latter looking very pretty in a pink sequined dress, brought a party including the Duchess's daughter, Miss Wendy Shakespeare, Mr. Oswald Newton-Thomson and his brother, two amusing young men from South Africa, a popular American Mr. Don Momand, and Mr. and Mrs. Maskell, two more South African friends of the Duke and Duchess, to whom they have lent their London flat during their visit here. The Earl and Countess of Dudley brought a party, and so did his son, Lord Ednam, with his attractive Argentinian wife. Their party included Lady Ednam's equally lovely sister, Mrs. Jaky Astor, and her husband, and another lovely Argentine girl, Miss Bemberg; they wore three of the prettiest frocks at the dance.

SIR JOHN and Lady Priscilla Aird brought the Earl and Countess Fortescue, while Lord Dundonald's party included Commander and the Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone and Lady Joan Hope. Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who is over from America, was looking very chic and meeting many friends: she came in a party with two other Americans, her brother-in-law, Mr. Fred Beckman, Mr. Warburg, and Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, looking beautiful in a pastel satin dress.

Two lovely mothers whom it was incredible to believe had grown-up daughters were Lady Clifford, who came with Sir Bede Clifford, and their three attractive daughters, and Mrs. John Pearson, who came with Captain Pearson, U.S.N., and their pretty little daughter, Beverly. Mr. Steyn, another South African guest, was dancing with Miss Neelia Plunket, one of the prettiest debutantes, who wore a printed taffeta dress. Mme. Massigli was partnering the Prince de Beauveau, Miss Patricia Bailey, looking lovely in white, was dancing with Captain Edward Lloyd, while Miss Raine McCorquodale was dancing with the Marquess of Blandford. Captain and Lady Veronica Hussey were dancing together, as were the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys, who brought the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys.

Others enjoying this very happy and informal party included the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, the Hon. Grania and Hon. Deirdre O'Brien, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Sir John Carden and his fiancée, Miss Georgette Hart, the Hon. Seymour Berry and his sister, Diana, Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Clark, and Mrs. Warwick Bryant, who brought a large party, including Mrs. Christopherson, Mrs. Stratford and other of the Duke's South African friends.

THE Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger gave a delightful cocktail party in their suite at the Dorchester, which is high up and overlooks the park. The hostess looked charming in a green dress which suited her lovely colouring and fair curly hair; she was assisted in entertaining her many guests by her very attractive and petite daughter, Baroness du Four, who wore a white crêpe dress beautifully draped. Among the guests were Helen Duchess of Northumberland, and Mary Countess Howe, wearing a large black hat with a paradise plume, which showed off her fair beauty to perfection. The Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, in the palest grey, was with a group of friends, including Mme. Massigli, Lady Leconfield, in red and white, and Lady Templewood.

Mrs. Attlee, looking fresh and cool in a printed dress, came on from the very successful meeting she had that afternoon at Downing Street for the Autumn Fair at the Dorchester on November 6th. Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant



*The Duke's goddaughter, Miss Raine McCorquodale, for whom the dance was given, with Mr. Jeremy Cubitt*



*Mr. James Pollard and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, mother of Miss McCorquodale, were two of the guests*



*The Duchess of Sutherland dancing with Mr. Jackie Pringle in the ballroom at Sutton Place, Guildford*



*The Duke of Sutherland with Mme. Bianchi, wife of the Chilean Ambassador*

**The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland Give a Dance**



## Continuing HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

arrived just as I had to leave, and with them came Sir John Monck, who met many of his friends in the Corps Diplomatique at the party, including the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, Mme. Verduynen, who looked nice in a maize-coloured hat and dress, the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, who was chatting to Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb, and the Belgian Ambassador with Mme. Thieusies, who is one of the busiest hostesses of the diplomatic world.

Others enjoying this very good party, where both host and hostess took such care of their guests, included Winifred Duchess of Portland, Nina Duchess of Hamilton, Doreen Lady Brabourne, the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, the Rt. Hon. Harold and Lady Dorothy MacMillan, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Baroness Ravensdale and Field Marshal Lord Chetwode. Mme. Ruegger, who told me she hopes to spend some weeks in Switzerland during the next two months, had had a luncheon party the previous day in honour of very popular General Guisan, Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army, and his charming wife. Among the guests to meet them were Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Lord Nathan, Captain the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong and M. de Reding.

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH was At Home in her nice house in Park Street for a committee meeting in connection with the children's party to be held in the gardens of St. James's Palace on Wednesday, July 23rd, in aid of that very good cause, the Dockland Settlements Nursery Schools. Lady Castlereagh is chairman of the Garden Party Committee, with Lady Waddilove as president. Children are promised a lovely party with a Punch and Judy show, a bran tub, a giant slide, and a Merry-go-Round. Tea and ices, which are included in the tickets, start at 4 p.m.

MRS. WATSON HUGHES is a real fairy god-mother to her godchild, the Hon. Elizabeth Lloyd-Mostyn, and recently gave a lovely coming-out dance for her at the Savoy. Wearing a charming gold lamé dress with a diamond tiara, Mrs. Watson Hughes received the guests with Lady Mostyn in a maize-coloured dress and fine diamonds. The

heroine of the evening, who is a very fine horsewoman and spends much of her time riding at her lovely home, Mostyn, in North Wales, looked sweet in a picture dress of pale-blue lace, and was thoroughly enjoying every moment of her dance. Mrs. Watson Hughes' daughter, Mrs. Anthony Norman, was there with her husband and looked really lovely in a beautifully draped white dress which showed off her wonderful tan (achieved, I was told, in the South of France). Lady Sudeley, also looking very tanned, was another wearing white.

Mrs. Cooper (Princess Teri of Albania) was dancing with her husband. Miss Diana Cross was dancing, and so was the Hon. Deirdre Savile; her brother, Lord Savile, who takes his duties in the House of Lords seriously, was too busy to get to the dance. Many of the débutantes and young men whom I have mentioned at this season's dances were enjoying this very good party.

THE Countess of Halifax recently held a committee meeting for the première of *Down to Earth*, starring Rita Hayworth (who is to appear in person), at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on Monday, July 21st. This première is being organised in aid of the British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association, whose object is to promote unity and comradeship among all who have lost a limb or an eye in any branch of H.M. Forces; to help with the provision of artificial limbs; and to promote other services for limbless ex-Service men, of which there are 53,000 in England to-day as the result of the two world wars. Lady Halifax made a wonderful appeal for the £10,000 target of this première, and I am sure many readers will want to respond and help this very good cause. You can get tickets from Lady Halifax, 62, Park Street, W.1, or if you can't attend the première, any donations will be welcome at the same address.

THE wedding which was to have taken place on July 18th between Mr. Peter Liddell and Miss Priscilla Downes Kent had to be postponed at very short notice owing to the bridegroom's illness. Miss Downes Kent tells me Mr. Liddell is still too ill for them to fix another date, but the wedding will take place as soon as he has recovered.

## Garden Fête at Albury Park



At the invitation of Helen Duchess of Northumberland, the Surrey County Conservative Association gave a garden party and summer fête in the beautiful grounds of Albury Park, near Guildford. The weather was ideal and many hundreds of people were present and enjoyed the amusing side-shows, while the stalls did brisk business. A salmon flown from Scotland was auctioned, knocked down for £3 10s., put up again and went finally for £3. The photograph shows visitors listening to an address by Sir John Jarvis, Bt., Member of Parliament for Guildford



Mr. A. A. Milne, the author, discusses lettuces with Miss Ruth Lord (left) and Miss Molly Groom



Helen Duchess of Northumberland buys a large black cat which is guaranteed not to stray



A closer view of Sir John Jarvis, M.P., speaking. On the extreme right is Miss Pat Hornsby Smith, prospective Conservative candidate for Chislehurst, who also spoke during the short time that was allotted for speechmaking



## St. Mark's, North Audley



The Rev. K. H. Thorneycroft, Vicar of St. Mark's, and Mrs. Thorneycroft, with Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Mann and Mr. Geoffrey Coop, the author (right)



Mrs. Hamilton Richards, Miss Joy Handley, Mr. Roger Threlfall and Miss Elizabeth Handley at supper on this very successful occasion

## Première of the New British Film "They Made Me a Fugitive"



Griffith Jones, who takes the part of the chief gangster, with Mary Clare, the actress



Mary Merrall, who plays a character part. The première was at the Warner Theatre



Cecil Parker—Britannicus in "Caesar and Cleopatra"—with Mrs. Parker



Hazel Court, the film actress, who played in "Carnival," and Mr. Dermot Walsh



Sonia Dresdel, who is making her first starring picture, "While I Live," at Elstree



Jean-Pierre Aumont, over from the U.S. to make a film here, and Mrs. Astley



# Street, Reunion Ball



*Capt. and Mrs. Michael Llewellyn and Capt. and Mrs. Booth Jones. The ball was held at the Dorchester in aid of the Church Rehabilitation Fund*



*The Hon. Mrs. Lumley Saville, Mr. C. Inchbold, Miss Marie Millington-Drake, the Hon. Lumley Saville, Miss B. Shepherd, Mr. P. Headley-Dent and Miss J. Speyer*

## Mrs. Watson Hughes' Dance for the Hon. Elizabeth Lloyd-Mostyn



*Col. Sutton and Lady Mostyn, mother of the Hon. Elizabeth Lloyd-Mostyn*



*Miss Rosemary Graesser and Miss Bely Balandrin were two of the young guests*



*Miss Angela Higgett, Mr. Geoffrey Marriott and the Hon. Elizabeth Lloyd-Mostyn*



*Miss Vivien Chambers and Capt. Moon. The dance was held at the Savoy*



*Miss Dinah Hogarth shared a table with Mr. Michael Maclean*



*Miss Carolyn Rutherford and Sub-Lt. J. A. Coats, R.N., enjoying a joke*



Michael Killanin

## An Irish Commentary

### Tourists Abounding

WELL, despite the weather the tourist season over here is in full flower. If you walk down Grafton Street you will hear more Oxford and Manchester accents than Dublin or Cork. The shops are full of English buyers purchasing, in many cases, English manufactured goods which the Customs officers take off them when they arrive at their port of departure. An official warning was issued by the Government, and through the Press the shops were encouraged not to sell to visitors articles which cannot be exported.

Only the other day I was approached by a newsboy in the centre of Dublin—the method was rather similar to that of certain Arabs I have met selling strange forms of art in Port Said—asking whether I wanted any coupons. I was most indignant, not so much at being lured into the Black Market, but for being mistaken myself for a tourist. It is a strange thing that when one travels abroad one always thinks one is absorbed into the surroundings when, in reality, a foreigner is noticeable almost anywhere, but here I was in my own capital and thus mistaken.

It is not only in Dublin that the tourists abound. Motoring, one cannot help but see the "G.B." plates, while many others have taken self-drive cars from the various garages, of which I think the pioneer was Count John McCormack's son Cyril, who specialised in that business.

EARLIER in the year, when we were trainless, many hotels had poor bookings or else cancellations, but since the trains reappeared bearing smart white spots on the breasts of the engines to denote that they are now pure oil-burners, this has changed. By the way, from July 6th we have had two passenger trains a day on all the main lines. Further, I think the French rail strike and political situation helped a little as well, for I have heard of some people switching from France to Ireland for their holidays.

The visitors seem to have a great welcome, although one cannot help noticing an undertone of criticism, on the one hand from those who attribute the rising price of commodities to the tourist industry, and on the other from those who see in it a dangerous foreign influence infiltrating. One thing is certain, and that is that the Government's policy brings a great deal of money into the country, and with that money many people who have never visited or cared for Ireland before.

And whilst the visitors arrive, despite the difficulties of sailing tickets and hotel accommodation in Dublin, the influx of more permanent residents does not appear to diminish, although I expect to hear that some are leaving soon!

TWO books with Irish themes have recently come into my hands. One is *Irish Miles*, by Irish Frank O'Connor (recently reviewed in THE TATLER by Elizabeth Bowen); and the other, English Mr. Maurice Headlam's Irish memoirs. These two books have only one other thing in common, and that is that they came in for harsh words from one of our leading Irish literary critics.

Now, Frank O'Connor was bred and born in Cork, where he was known as Michael O'Donovan—which is still his real, as opposed to pen, name. Now in the early forties, O'Connor took an active part in the civil war, which resulted in his being imprisoned by the Free State Government. His profession is that of a librarian, but his fame is as a writer, journalist and Irish scholar. Up till 1939 he was a director of the Abbey Theatre.

His *Irish Miles* is a sort of travel book, for as he wandered around Ireland photographing churches and monuments, he collected many an amusing incident and story which go to form this book—it is a sort of travelogue commentary on modern Ireland. The readers, depending on their own views and prejudices, will find much with which to agree or disagree, but for anyone interested in Ireland it is worth reading.

Mr. Headlam is the former Treasury Remembrancer (that was the British Treasury's senior official in Ireland during Union times), whom I mentioned some weeks ago as being critical of my comments on partition. Now, this book was vehemently attacked, and the critic in question even asked why, with the paper shortages, it was ever printed.

Now, there is no more certain way of making sure the maximum number of people read a book than to attack it. Mr. Headlam gives a picture of Irish life as seen by an English civil servant who was posted here to keep a check on finances. His friends, from all accounts in the book, were limited to what is known as the Ascendancy or Anglo-Irish class, whilst his attitude to Ireland appears to me to be somewhat patronising. However, although I was almost as infuriated by Mr. Headlam's book as the above-mentioned critic, I cannot agree with him that the book should not have been printed, for it does give a very interesting picture of Ireland as seen by an outside administrator. It is certainly a social document of some value which appears to me to show up many of the weaknesses and prejudices of the days of government from Westminster.

A MONTH ago I made reference to the re-founding of the Shamrock Club in London. Now I hear that there is to be a Shamrock Ball in aid of this fund on Friday, August 1st, at Shelton Abbey, Wicklow. Shelton is Lord Wicklow's home, which has recently been turned by him into an hotel. By a coincidence, so I am told, on the very day that Lord Wicklow was granted the licence for the sale of drink, he came up for election to a select Dublin club from which holders of publicans' licences are banned. However, I am told that, in this case, his qualification as a peer superseded that of his profession as a publican. He is also a publisher.

WHEN this article appears there will be only three more weeks before the Dublin Horse Show, which is the climax of the Dublin season. Enquiries at the leading hotel for rooms for French friends of mine have all yielded the same answer—that they have been fully booked since early in the year; the grand-stand also is booked to capacity.

From all accounts it will be a record year. I have just been turning over my diary to find, in fact, that from July 30th, when I see marked "Galway Races," until August 27th, when I see "Galway Show," there seems barely a free day. Galway, with its summer steeplechasing over a severe course, is unique. This year the Plate has been increased to £1,500, with the result that there are, at the time of writing, thirty-nine entries. The Hurdle had sixty-six entries when they closed.

Between the races and the Galway Show, which is the first to be held in the city for many years, there is the Connemara Pony Society's show, which is to be held this year at Clifden on August 13th. I intend, on request, to devote an article to the Connemara ponies later.



Viscountess Adare, M. and Mme. Boussac and Prince Aly Khan, whose *Esprit de France* was third in the Irish Derby, won by the Maharajah of Baroda's Sayajirao



Lady Stafford-King-Harman, wife of Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, and Col. S. S. Hill-Dillon, a prominent owner and a steward of the Irish Turf Club



The Marquess and Marchioness of Kildare and Mrs. Goodbody in the Members' Stand. Lord Kildare is the Duke of Leinster's heir



Pooler, Dublin  
Lord Rugby, formerly Sir John Maffey, U.K. Representative to Eire, and Lady Rugby. The attendance at the Curragh for this meeting was the biggest ever recorded

At the Curragh for the  
Irish Derby





## Priscilla in Paris Night of Nights

**P**LEASANT, is it not, to be able to forget one's worries (and we have plenty) for a few short hours. During the evening and night of the *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs* we resolutely cast all thoughts of strikes, food shortage, Black Market and super-taxation to the four winds of Heaven, set out to enjoy ourselves and magnificently succeeded.

It is hardly exact to write of the winds of Heaven. This was the hottest night through which we have yet sweltered. Not a breath of air stirred the trees of the boulevards as we drove to the floodlit Opera House and found that belated owner-drivers would have to park half a mile from the entrance. Barriers had been placed to keep the onlookers from crowding too closely, but one had to run the gauntlet of their jocose remarks and many women who arrived on foot, and whose sartorial ambitions had outrun ways and means, were scathingly criticised. But there were also hundreds of gorgeous creations worn by lovely creatures, and the kerbstone parties were as generous with their appreciation as they were cruel when dealing with pretentious eccentricities.

The grand marble staircase of the Opera House, ablaze with lights, lined by the Republican Guard in full-dress uniform, massed with towers, was a wonderful sight. The guests were greeted by a bevy of lovely debutantes who were selling programmes of the all-star show that was to take place on the Pont d'Argent (Silver Bridge). They all wore white frocks, specially designed by Christian Bérard and made by the *grands couturiers* of Paris. As these programmes were positive tomes, weighing almost a kilo, the lovelies were required by young men, complete in tails and white ties, who carried the main supply.

**H**AVING an ineradicable love of *les coulisses*, I immediately made my way backstage, stopping only to exchange greetings with Elsa Maxwell, who had just arrived from the States,

via London, and was almost weeping with joy to find her beloved Paris in such gala attire. Her pleasant face had a friendly smile for everyone, and I was glad to see, against the black lace of her frock, the gleaming red ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur that the French Government has awarded her for her innumerable services to France.

Eve Curie, who presided at one of the tables at the dinner that took place before the ball, looked charming in a black coat and billowy white spangled skirt. The Duchess de Maillé, who came backstage with me, was in night-blue tulle, with a beautiful *parure* of diamonds and square-cut emeralds. Such lovely stones are emeralds, perfect for "summer wear," so cool and liquid. President Vincent Auriol arrived just as I was passing under the Republican box and the Air Force band blared out the usual *Marseillaise*. The First Lady wore pastel-blue and mauve, while her daughter-in-law, Mme. Paul Auriol, had a beautiful head-dress of white aigrettes.

**A** FEW moments later the show on the Pont d'Argent started. Mauricet, in a witty *pot-pourri*, sang an amusing welcome to the President on the theme of "You-don't-often-have-a-good-time-Mister-President-so-make-the-best-of-this-one," and M. Auriol, who was evidently of the same way of thinking, responded heartily. Next came a procession of cinema stars, honoured guests leading, including Paulette Goddard, Trevor Howard, and José Iturbi. Then followed the French film-stars: Beautiful Simone Renant, in a clinging frock of white *crêpe de Chine*; dainty Josette Day, looking like an Infanta stepped down from her frame, in a rich brocade dress; exquisite Gisèle Pascal, who also acted as "speakerette," in night-blue tulle spangled with crystal dewdrops, and eighteen-year-old Lise Topart, wearing a gown that would have been more suitable for a dowager; very young Andrée Clément in black velvet and gold, and Simone Simon, in black

velvet corselet and swirling white chiffon skirt dotted with big black spots.

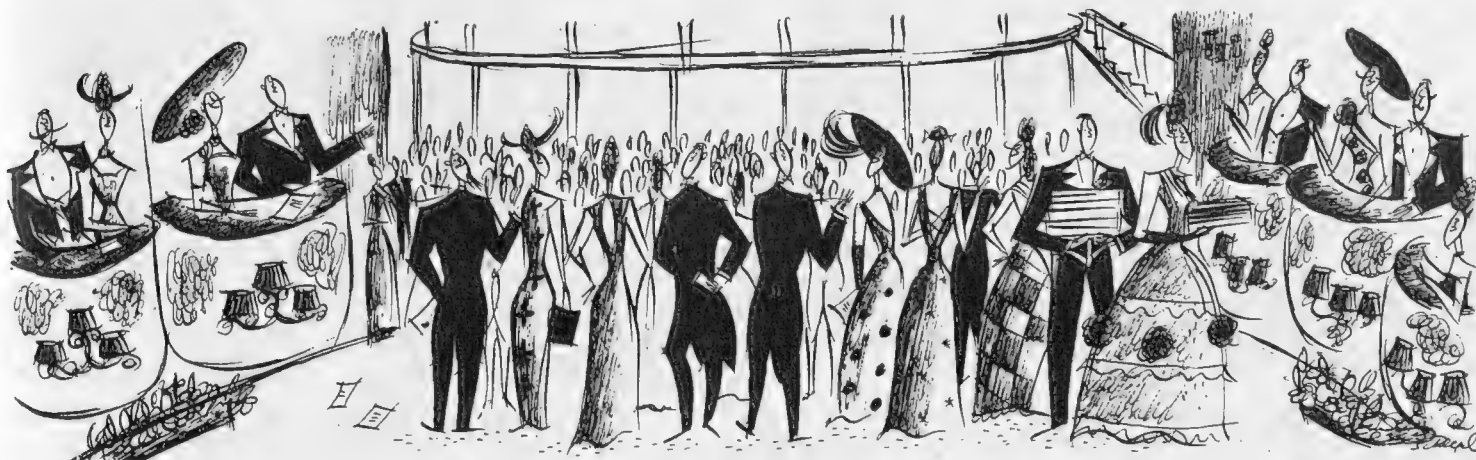
**T**HE Choral of the "Croix de Bois" boys, led by M. l'Abbé Maillé, warbled sweetly. Surely it is the first time that a priest has appeared on the Pont d'Argent? They had a great reception. Willing and athletic arms carried Marjorie Lawrence up the stairs and installed her in the invalid chair that was pushed to the centre of the Bridge, where she splendidly Wagnerised for us, accompanied by the Opera House orchestra. What a voice, and with what courage does she use it, despite her physical handicap. As the performance progressed great anxiety was felt. Where, oh, where was Edith Piaf? At last she was found. Sitting calmly on the edge of the pavement outside the stage door, where she had been refused admittance by the Cerberus on duty because she had forgotten her entrance card.

At 2 a.m. the entertainment ended. The First Lady took the First Gentleman home to the *Élysées*, and the dancing began. Collars wilted, beautiful backs and shoulders gleamed with moisture, and the crispest curls and frocks became lank locks and draggly rags . . . but who cared, since, although vanity cases ran short of powder, the buffets did not run out of iced champagne.

It was a gorgeous night, and I wish I had more space in which to write of it.

## Voilà!

● Tell a good-looking man how handsome he is and he remains incredulous, but tell a fool that he is intelligent and he swallows the bait, hook, line and sinker!





# THE SOLENT CLUB

Some Incidents Ashore at the Two



Miss J. Martineau and Mr. Tom Thornycroft carrying a varied assortment of shipboard stores



Mr. T. Beddington, who won the Solent Sunbeams race with Painted Lady



Miss Pauline Brown and Mr. Sam Brown their daughter



Lord Ruthven has coffee and sandwiches with during an interval in the racing



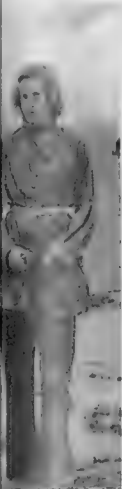
Mr. R. Garnham, Mrs. Garnham and Mrs. K. Preston setting out in a dinghy for their successful Redwings, Paroquet and Susan Jane



Mrs. H. Colmore and Mrs. F. Masters. Mrs. Masters crewed the fast Redwing Slievenamon with Miss Cochrane

# SSSES RACE AT BEMBRIDGE

Day Regatta Held by Bembridge Sailing Club, I.O.W.



Wood and waiting for



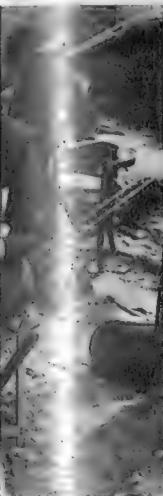
Mr. K. Preston, Vice-Commodore of the Bembridge Sailing Club, and Mrs. Preston



Cdr. A. D. S. Grant and Miss Jean Cochrane, who was half of a Redwing crew



Mrs. Hugh Collins and Mrs. C. Fenwick, who won the Redwings class, discern something amusing on the shoreward horizon



rs. Grant



Capt. R. R. Caws, Mr. Sam Browne and Mr. A. I. Locknell Campbell taking refreshment after an event



Miss Rosemary Stephens, Mr. Graham Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell at Under Tyne, Bembridge, from where the racing took place



Close-hauled on the port tack: Col. Michael Wynn and Miss J. Turner leading Mr. and Mrs. Graham Mitchell in the Club race





D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing By ...

**D**RINKING (inhausting, or mopping) a recent pint in the Bell at Stilton, on the Great North Road, we found the Stiltonians answering fool questions about cheese with patience and gravity, though probably tempted to lash out long since.

Whether Mrs. Paulet of Melton and/or Mrs. Orton of Little Dalby could have invented this great cheese in Leicestershire in the 1730's, when Defoe was already wolfing it at the Bell in Huntingdonshire in the 1720's, is still hotly debated by the pedants. We learn that it is now being remade, in a small way, very nervously, with a sweating brow and one wary eye on La Belle Summerskill, over the border in Leicestershire, presumably as before. Clouds of Government narks and secret police disguised in sunbonnets and dimity frocks hover round, we gather, hoping to decoy some incautious Stilton expert to the Bastille for using '0555 of a milligramme of cream too much (or "surplus to requirements," in their foul jargon). Each nark carries a wad of *lettres de cachet*, all filled in except for the names.

Meanwhile in Pall Mall the silver scoops are being extracted from their green-baize wrappings and polished in anxious anticipation. As they will each hold a given club's monthly Stilton ration, undignified scenes are expected and club bouncers are standing by. Our advice to clubmen is to get on the Committee here and now.

## Crack

**W**HEN the *mot d'ordre* went round the Press the other day that the boys were not to be more than normally rude to a forthcoming distinguished visitor from South America, because it might affect exports, they laid off almost immediately, we noticed.

They wouldn't have done so in Victorian days, when Auntie *Times* herself used to rage like a devil. The fuss over Queen Victoria's engagement to Prince Albert especially inspired the boys. "This unwelcome Brummagem foreigner," was Auntie's description of the Queen's uncle, Leopold of Belgium. Auntie was quite sick with horror over that sink of iniquity, Buckingham Palace. It's worth quoting (Feb. 10, 1840):

Let any honest impartial eye take a survey of the Court of Queen Victoria—that Court which a mercenary and profligate, a condemned and odious Administration has, for its vile purposes, surrounded her—and then answer us whether her new Consort will find there a faithful sample of the dignity and character of this realm?

What made Auntie shudder so violently was round-games, classical music, charades, and battledore-and-shuttlecock, sometimes indulged in by a lascivious Court as late as 11 p.m. The *Morning Post* (Tory) also did pretty well when the Queen refused to dismiss her Whig Ladies of the Bedchamber:

The female tyrants of Buckingham Palace have again seized hold of the Royal Victim, whom they had released a moment from their foul and poisonous grasp . . .

Kipling was right. If you want quiet fun, turn up the Files.

## Gloss

**T**RYING to explain those dull booing or mooing noises at Wimbledon the other day, a lawn-tennis expert assured us that the crowd was alive, which seems fantastic. Our information is that the noise was that of a tug's siren in a fog when somebody pulls the string. Evidently this is what somebody did at Wimbledon.

The claim to be alive is often made far too recklessly on behalf of the Race. Wordsworth had too much sense to try it on when his girlfriend fell down at the party. His remark, if you remember, was truth itself:

No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

Coleridge said: "You mean Baby's passed out?" Wordsworth said: "Cold." Their hostess snapped: "Who brought her?" and Coleridge said, pointing to his friend: "Horsie." A maid then fetched Wordsworth's hat and umbrella and the incident closed.

This is what does call a gloss or an exegesis, meaning an exposition of some obscure or knotty point in the text. The string-suggestion for Wimbledon should clear that matter up equally.



"Let's see now—this looks as if it might be for you"

If you say a string is absurd, tell us how those wooden jaws move.

## Overlanders

**T**WENTY million bees recently crossed the Australian Continent to better quarters under the direction of two apiarists; evidently chaps of ripe experience, since they did not trust their bees to fly the journey but carried them in a motor-caravan convoy.

The trouble with even the best-trained bees is that they get drunk, on limeblossom or some kindred tipple. Going round the hives with a beekeeper some time ago we were shown a notorious sot lounging at one doorway whose blurry expression and wambling legs showed him to be a plain case for the Anti-Alcohol League. We asked why the "temperance" boys had not turned their attention to bees. Apparently the mere sight of a blue nose panics a bee.

Drunk Australian bees are less easy to handle than drunk British bees, as you might expect, since they belong to a freer and hardier race. This also applies to drunk Australian fairies, if you remember how a fairy from Bendigo named Digger Jake McCoy socked Barrie on the nose in Kensington Gardens in 1904, after a round or two of tittlebats' tears, 50 U.P. "A dweffle (hic) big ad(hic)venture," as Peter Pan said, giggling. Hence the charming Frampton statue of Digger Jake, about to knock six auld wee bogle-wives with a tiny ache in their hearts into the Never-Never Land.

## Idol

**H**YSTERICS from the BBC and the Fleet Street boys over the return of the "Eros" statue to Piccadilly Circus being over, one feels that Lord Shaftesbury's remark in the *Times* that this figure has now become "a god, or something approaching the nature of an idol" about sums it up.

Who first called it "Eros" we can't discover. It was intended to symbolise the golden charity of the famous Lord Shaftesbury of early Victorian times. Our theory is that one night in the 1900's, on being ejected from the Munich beer-parlour on the corner, some Fleet Street boy full of Spatenbrau took the statue to represent his beloved owner in the nude; hence the idea of the Little God of Love. At his office next day the point was favourably discussed at an editorial conference.

"Love, Faughaughton! A wonderful thing! Which of us, outside the Advertisement Department, is immune from the darts of Eros?"

"Of what?"

"Eros. A man in the Leicester Lounge told me."

"Eros. H'm. What do you think, Naffworthy?"

(The Ads. Manager, thus appealed to, says Eero's booked a display half-column for the current quarter so we might give 'em a free show. A leader-writer fresh from Balliol raises a pained white hand.)

"No! No! No! Eros! Not a nerve- tonic, Faughaughton, a Greek goddess! The goddess of Love!"

"I doubt, Fibsborough, if we can make an issue of Love. We shall be inundated with letters from



clergymen. . . . I take it she was—er—fully clothed?"

"Boy, get me a classical dictionary."

Having eventually decided to run the Piccadilly Circus statue as Eros they probably called in the chap who suggested it and fired him, on principle.

### Rap

RECENT observations by the Headmaster of Clifton on the need for moral co-operation in the home reveal how schoolmasters are handicapped nowadays by the low standards of parents.

It was evidently not so in the days of Tom Brown and of Eric, whose parents did not drink and fight. Otherwise Eric, in particular, would have devoted a large part of the holidays to improving Papa and Mamma, going freely crimson, as was his wont.

"Pray, Sir, do not drag Mamma round by the hair."

"And, forsooth, why not?"

"It is not a cleanly English habit."

(Here Mr. Williams lets Mrs. Williams drop and clenches his whiskers, purple with rage.)

"Is this what I pay the Bursar of Roslyn fifty sweet smackers a term for? Wretched boy! Emily, you heard him?"

(Mrs. Williams sits up and says really, she doesn't know what the Public Schools are coming to.)

"Papa, I have no wish to interfere with reasonable amusement, but thus to treat Mamma—"

"She socked me first, didn't she?"

(Mrs. W. says that's right, she always socks Papa first after a shot of dope.)

"Well, Papa, I blush for you!"

"Blush, blush, blush—that'll be another extra on next term's bill! Blushing and violin, ten guineas! Hush!"

By all modern standards the boy is a wowser and a prig, and what Bloomsbury would call a fascist to boot. We don't know what to suggest, except that parents should go to a good school too.



Egon Regon, now enjoying great success in Revueville at the Windmill Theatre, escaped by air from Czechoslovakia to Britain in 1939. His attempts to join the Services were at first frustrated by his height, only 4 ft. 11 ins., but he was accepted by the Royal Engineers in 1943 and served 3½ years abroad. As a member of *Stars in Battledress*, he was flown to the Potsdam Conference to appear before the principals. He has broadcast several times and been televised

## LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



Two male "SHAFF-SHAFFS" about to commence a struggle of exceeding violence (They are now sparring for an opening, and abusing each other.)

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

SOME generations ago a Sir John Trollope restored his family church in East Anglia and had a statue of himself put up in the middle of the chancel, with one hand pointing towards Heaven and the other to a hole before his feet. Over the hole he put this stanza:

"I, Sir John Trollope,  
Made these stones roll up;  
When Heaven shall take my soul up  
My body shall fill this hole up."

THE senior Civil Servant had finished his breakfast some time ago, but sat at the table engrossed in the newspaper. Presently he asked for another cup of tea.

"Tea?" echoed his wife. "But just look at the time. Aren't you going to the office to-day?"

"Oh, Heavens!" he cried, startled, "I thought I was at the office."

PETER came home from a party and said to his mother, "You promised me a shilling if I behaved myself."

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"Well," he said, grinning cheerfully, "I thought you'd like to know you've saved yourself a bob."

THE vicar, who was somewhat absent-minded, strolled towards the village station, where there was a train just ready to depart. Suddenly a shout came from the platform:

"Run, sir, quick!"

The vicar broke into a trot and arrived, breathless, just in time to be hustled into a carriage as the train moved off. The vicar sank into a seat and settled himself comfortably.

"I was lucky to catch it," he said to a fellow-passenger. Then a startled look came on his face. "Good gracious!" he cried, "I don't want to go on a train at all. I just came down to ask the stationmaster to help at the church fête."

THE late Thomas Edison was displaying his collection of labour-saving devices at his summer residence. After marvelling at their ingenuity, the guests were somewhat perplexed by a stubborn turnstile contraption which they were obliged to struggle through on entering and leaving the house.

At length one of them was unable to contain his curiosity. "Why," he asked, "is everything so perfect, except this awful turnstile?"

"Ah," said the impish inventor, "every time it's pushed around eight gallons of water are pumped into a tank on my roof."



## Sabretache

## Tennis

# Pictures in the Fire

RECENT announcements in even some of our most respected and respectable journals do not seem to square. For a taste: "A malaise affects almost the whole working population"; "There is a recrudescence of kilt-consciousness in Scotland, and the demand for tartans is greater than anyone there remembers"; "Lives have grown steadily more drab and depressing"; "Before this war this firm could keep two kilt tailors busy all the year round. Now they have five kilt tailors, and could do with two or three more, and they are wondering what will happen when overseas visitors arrive for The Festival."

This sounds like an ugly rush on the part of Hans, Fritz, Pierre, Alphonso and Pericles, to say nothing about a boom in dirks and sporrans. If this is so, everyone cannot be feeling as drab as all that, though, of course, there are definite risks about a kilt which eve a Lowland Carl does not fully appreciate. I am sure that it should be made an indictable offence for anyone south of the Grampians to wear this garment, so justly acclaimed as the best for the warrior and the chasseur. No one with a good leg for a boot has any right even to think of a kilt, any more than some fair ladies should of the Jodhpur.

In the same breath as all this we hear of an International Cocktail Competition being fixed for next January. How about the "ammunition," and what are they going to do about the judges' expenses in the nursing-home? It is all very confusing and mystifying. Another passing thought upon some things we read in the papers: the "e" in Eros is the short Epsilon and not the long Eta, and the "o" the short Omicron in the poetic form and the long Omega in the common one.

## Flying Horses

UNTIL we saw it successfully accomplished last year, when some horses were flown across the Atlantic from Ireland in about a couple of days—less in actual flying time—landed none the worse for the journey, and were ready to go into work almost at once, few people were ready to believe that it was possible. "The Chindits" are the people who really pointed the way for this sort of thing, even though for the most part they had only to deal with the hardy and unemotional mule. The highly-strung racehorse was a far more difficult proposition, and it was feared that air-sickness might have as devastating an effect upon him as sea-sickness, which, incidentally, a horse cannot combat in the same way as humans, and is compelled to suffer the pangs of feeling sick without any chance of the vulgar and most unpleasant relief which is at your command and mine.

The air apparently does not affect horses, and to-day it causes hardly any surprise to hear of a horse booked to run one week at the Curragh, New York the next, and Doncaster a few weeks later. This would be an impossible programme if sea transport were the only means available, for even a short journey can work a lot of mischief, and a long one demands very careful planning and management coupled with a lot of luck in the matter of weather. For these short journeys—and the United States now falls into this category—it is hardly necessary to let a horse down at all, lower the heels of his forefeet, remove his hind shoes, and wait until all the corn has been drained out of him. For sea voyages of any duration all these precautions are most desirable if you wish to avoid the virtual certainty of laminitis, colic and uric acid trouble. With luck you might get off without adopting drastic measures, but those who have had experience of transport of horses by sea followed "Cardinal Wiseman," knowing

full well that a week or two's trouble this end meant the saving of months the other, and that a horse properly prepared came to hand far more quickly than one sent to sea with the hard feed still in him.

The air has eliminated all this. You can fly a very long distance in a couple of days; two days at sea and you are hardly anywhere. Sayajirao having won the Irish Derby hard held was booked to run in the U.S. Gold Cup on July 19th, and he will certainly be wanted back here for the Leger in September. His quoted price is 8 to 1, but it may well contract after Pearl Diver's defeat in the Grand Prix. It was pretty soon after the Derby, with a journey across the water on top of it, to ask this good colt for another serious effort.

## Horresco Referens

IT was a night in November and we went straight out of Harwich *en route* to The Hook right into the jaws of the worst that the North Sea could contrive. Even a mule would have "come over all funny-like." It was one of the few occasions when the captain and I were the only two in the ship who were not stretched for dead. I still felt extremely ill even when I arrived at the Adlon in the Unter den Linden the following evening.

Going to catch a 'Ward Saturday from the Mersey River to Dublin's North Wall' was nothing like so bad. The packet was rolling heavily even in the river when we stepped aboard. Outside the ocean was playing the cat and banjo. Next morning when I awoke expecting to find dear dirty Dublin's little river "forninst," an Irish quartermaster said, "We're just off Holyhead, and if we put another knot on her it will break her back!" A Marconi to my Dublin host was the obvious alternative. Ham and eggs and coffee were impossible, because the ship was taking standing leaps from the top of one wave to the top of the next, and when she missed it and took one by the roots the shudder was even worse.

Curiously, I felt as bright as the dawn, but not so a "physician," who the night before in the bar had told me that the "say meant nothin' at all to him," and would not to me if I took his specific D.W.D. (Dublin Whiskey Distillery). He was a cheery soul who travelled in fat stock and one of those early-Churchill, square-topped hats, originally, I believe, favoured by the extremely pious. He had a beard that ran under his chin just clear of his collar from ear to ear. The Yanks have a rude name for it. When I was having sandwiches and a bottle of Guinness about midday, I discerned a tangled and groaning mass with a square-topped hat on one end huddled in a corner of a settee in the saloon. The D.W.D. had for once let him down. That other time going to The Hook, I am sure that it was a judgment on me for going to Germany too soon.

## Fred Darling

THE unwelcome news that the famous Master of Beckhampton has decided to retire at the end of this season is not half so bad as the cause—ill-health. If anyone can afford to rest on his laurels it is Fred Darling, but that is not the main point. We have too few masters of the craft that we can afford to lose one of the most brilliant. The news is softened by the announcement that after two years' complete rest in the highlands of Kenya, Fred Darling may come back and carry on. Let us hope so. I wonder which he considers were the best horses he ever had through his hands. I should not be surprised if he named Captain Cuttle and Coronach.



Mrs. Strawson, formerly Joan Ingram, was Covered Courts champion of Great Britain, Surrey champion, and played squash for Queen's Club. She married Frank Strawson, the squash player, and their daughter Patricia, aged fourteen, is already tennis champion of her school.



Mrs. McKelvie in the park with her son Iain. She led the British team touring South Africa in 1938, and is captain of the Middlesex Women's tennis team.

# Champions of To-morrow, with Their Parents

Photographs by  
D. R. Stuart



Mrs. Dawson Scott (Peggy MacCorkindale) with her daughter, Susan Penman. She was Junior champion of Scotland in 1938 and is being tried for the Wightman Cup team going to U.S.A. next month. Her first husband was W. M. Penman, the Rugger International, who was killed in the war



Dr. J. C. Gregory played for Great Britain in the Davis Cup for five years in succession and was a Doubles finalist at Wimbledon. His wife was formerly Phyllis Priestley, a cousin of the author. Their children are Jillian, Ian and Sarah



E. R. Avory, seen here with his wife, née Valda Hall, and their children, Sonia, Jonathan and Richard, captained Cambridge and has skippered many British teams overseas. He is a member of the Council for the L.T.A. and is to captain this year's Women's Wightman Cup team

## Scoreboard



I AM 146 to-day. So I find by consulting my records. That makes me, by a short head, the oldest member of the M.C.C. As a child, I used to play French cricket, with a sporting aunt from Huddersfield, on the site where the Prince Consort later threw up the Crystal Palace. Now it has gone.

*Eheu! fugaces, and tempora mutantur.* I was nineteen when Johnny Walker began going strong. When I was forty-seven, W. G. Grace was born; an incident that passed almost unnoticed in the sporting world.

How variously are birthdays celebrated. Dean Swift kept his in deep mourning. Virgil, however, though a dyspeptic, and apt to be rather majestic in his sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind, wrote, "Send me Phyllis; it is my birthday." A questionable sentiment when expressed in hexameter verse.

TALKING of questionable sentiments, Sam Snead, the U.S.A. golfer, might have expressed himself more tactfully when he said that it wasn't worth his while financially to defend his title in the British Open Golf Championship. Perhaps he was misreported—like Mr. Shinwell whenever he speaks. Or his words were torn from their context.

The best example of word-tearing I know used to be quoted by an old friend of our family. He was a Member of Parliament, in the pre-Mrs. Braddock era. One afternoon, he voted for flogging in preference to the death penalty for a certain offence in the Army. Next day, a headline appeared stating that he had voted for flogging in the Army.

To return to Hoylake. I missed the presence in the Open Championship of my old friend Joe Ezar, of Texas. Deep in its heart, I hope he reads my regrets. Though a professional, he thought it worth while to play golf for the sake of enjoyment. When he holed a difficult putt, he used to run up to the hole and throw his cap

on it, to stop the ball coming out again. Which shows how it is possible to wed caution to gaiety.

IT is the end of the Season. London is empty. As anyone will notice who walks down the shady side of Oxford Street or queues for a high tea at Lyons Corner House. The aristocracy retire to two rooms in their country seats.

Though not an alumnus of either school, I enjoy the Eton v. Harrow match at Lord's. For it is gay, in a world which is ugly, tired, and looks down its nose. Beauty, hoping to be watched, pretends to watch the cricket. Hope, youth, and laughter flourish. It is something in England that Parliament Cannot Kill.

TO-MORROW is the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's. It always recalls for me the powerful frame and indomitable heart of J. W. H. T. Douglas. In 1914 he dismissed nine of the Players in the first innings, F. A. Tarrant, J. B. Hobbs, J. W. Hearne, C. P. Mead, G. Gunn, E. Humphreys, W. Hitch, A. S. Kennedy, and H. Strudwick. What a bag!

I happened to be batting with him in the same match ten years later. The sky was yellow and green with an impending storm. Harry Howell, of Warwickshire, was putting them over my left shoulder at one end; at the other, Johnny was receiving Maurice Tate on the gloves, with deep and silent cursing. "Do you want to be killed for the sake of a few byes off the head?" said Bill Reeves, square-leg umpire; "well, then, why don't you appeal against the light?" I did so; and as Douglas and I returned to the pavilion, he told me that a number eleven who appealed against the light would never rise in the batting order.

At the start of the Players' innings, Douglas bowled the greatest over I've ever seen; to Jack Hobbs, who played at all six, took two on the bat, and missed four. "Well bowled, Colonel," said Jack, "it's good to see you in such form." And the steam came out of the Colonel's ears.

*R.C. Robertson-Glasgow*



Capt. Frederick J. Piercy is Army Singles champion and was tried for the Davis Cup this year. His wife was Miss Reba Maugham, and their daughter, Dawn, is just four





Three Illustrations from "A Free House!" (Macmillan; £1 5s.), the writings of Walter Sickert, edited by Osbert Sitwell. Sickert, as Sir Osbert comments, was so "compact of energy" that apart from his painting he had a margin which was used up in all manner of entertaining activities, including these incisive notes, paragraphs and essays-in-brief. Two of the above illustrations are pen-and-ink drawings entitled respectively "Chicken" and "Music Hall." The third is a reproduction of the oil painting "The Old Model"

## Elizabeth Bowen's Bookshelf

### Reviewed Here

"Minute for Murder"

"The Chequer Board"

"Castle in Denmark"

It is seven years—too many—since last we had a Nicholas Blake story. *Minute for Murder* (Crime Club; Collins; 8s. 6d.) signalises the mysterious Mr. Blake's reappearance. Where has he been? Whatever the answer may be, he has by some means acquired uncanny inside knowledge of a certain wartime Ministry: he has called it the Ministry of Morale. Censorable secrets, I must tell you, are not revealed, but the psychological lay-out of one division—with, in the background, the productive hum of the whole hive—reproduces itself with astounding reality in the pages of this detective (but also a good deal more than detective) story. Non-stop ringing of telephones, come-and-go in the corridors, the canteen clatter, the click and hum of lifts give background, a sort of sound-tapestry, to *Minute for Murder's* succession of clear-cut scenes.

Our friend Nigel Strangeways, temporary Civil Servant for the duration, edits copy in the Visual Propaganda Division—which, through him, we are to know so well. His duties, however, are drawing to a close—for the time of *Minute for Murder* is that ghostly midsummer of 1945, between V.E. Day and V.J. Day. Automatically continuing in production, the personnel of V.P.D. cannot but draw breath and wonder as to their future lives: none of them, with the exception of Mr. Billson (whose portrait may, I fear, be found satisfying by many of us in these days), is a regular Civil Servant.

For the rest, we have a variety of men and women, drawn from widely diversified former occupations and welded together, all through the war, by the unremitting pressure of too much work. Now, the tension slackens; the lid of impersonality begins to lift. Colleague looks round, as though for the first time, at colleague—whom he has not yet, virtually, ever seen. As Nigel puts it to Miss Finlay:—

What I was thinking is—how little we all know about each other. Of course, the place has always been full of gossip. But it never meant much: there was no malice in it, no deep curiosity really. We've been working too hard to have strong personal feelings. Or, at any rate, we've repressed

them, in the interests of making an efficient Division, and helping to win the war; and because blitzes breed a certain tolerance for one's fellow-blitzees. But now everything has slackened off, don't you think all these repressed personal feelings are going to rise to the surface? In fact, haven't they begun to, lately?

Evidently they have. A murder and the investigations that follow lay bare a mare's-nest of complications. Almost no one in the Division, it soon transpires, has not been behaving in some peculiar way—not necessarily wrongly, but in ways for which it is embarrassing to have to account. Even the bluff Miss Finlay proves an unblushing eavesdropper; a high-up has been indulging his special hobby under circumstances that could not appear more fishy.

AND the victim? Never, even in the peak wartime years, has there *not* been time for Our Blonde, the Division's pride, the Director's secretary. Nita Prince, living pin-up, "concealed high efficiency beneath a studied vagueness, amateurishness, insouciance." That she was of particular and extra-professional interest to her chief, Jimmy Lake, Director of V.P.D., has been for some time an accepted fact. Lake is married, but his novelist wife—remote, fastidious, ironically detached—is thought to tolerate the affair with Nita. Nita, however, has formerly been engaged to Mrs. Lake's brother, Charles Kennington, who for some time worked in the Ministry, then rejoined the Army, to be reported missing, believed killed. Nita's reaction to a pink letter, in florid, apparently hyper-feminine handwriting, is the first danger-signal: is there trouble to come?

Charles is *not* dead: the report from the battlefield was arranged to cover his disappearance on a secret mission to Germany. He reappears in the Ministry—dandified and falsetto, as ever, but somehow steely. To the friends assembled to greet him in the Director's room he shows a sinister trophy: a phial of poison, removed in time from a captured Nazi. There is morning coffee-drinking and general cheer—suddenly, in the middle of answering the telephone, and in the presence of seven

members of the Division, Our Blonde drops dead. Traces of the poison are found in her coffee cup: the phial itself has vanished from the face of the earth.

THIS is a character detective story, water-tight as to plot, but otherwise to be ranked as a first-rate novel. In particular, the trio formed by James Lake, his wife, Alice, and his brother-in-law, Charles Kennington, is so subtly studied that it would justify its existence in a novel without claims to plot. The word-duel in the dining-room in the penultimate chapter is brilliant. The examination of emotional motive for an act—in fact, of the possible emotional motives of seven people, has a fascination: by contrast, the meanderings of the average work of fiction seem aimless.

Also, the scenes in the pathetically homely, surprisingly unglamorous little flat to which Our Blonde, alas, will never again return, offer something more than the ingenious reconstruction of the life of a crime victim: they are evocative of the queer, silent drama of any person's existence among their belongings in any room. The marked book is, of course, a clue; but even the poor little hairbrush, in its own way, speaks.

Do we need, inside or outside fiction, crime, sensational mystery, to make us bring one sort of analytical interest to our fellow-beings' lives? It is staggering how little we know—*why* we do not know is simple: look how little we notice! It may be said that curiosity is a vice; or that, without "Mind your own business" as an ethic, life would be unlivable. Blinkers, for whatever reason, are much worn.

NEVIL SHUTE's *The Chequer Board* (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.) is an unabashedly nice book. Everyone in it is good—if not at once, then almost immediately; and it follows, this being the kind of book it is, that everybody has behaved reprehensibly by accepted standards.

We have, really, three stories in one, all of them framed inside the account of Mr. Turner's three last months of life. Mr. Turner, a cocky, kindly little commercial traveller with a prison sentence (black market) in his past, is informed

that he has less than a year to live: an old wound has made trouble. On hearing this, he sets off to look up three companions who were in hospital with him: a fighter pilot, a negro soldier, and a parachuter. He feels he must devote the remaining months of his life to helping them out of the troubles towards which they had been heading when he last met them, in 1943. The pilot, an empty-headed young man, had been steering for tragedy with his silly, predatory wife; the negro was awaiting court-martial for attempted rape of an English girl; the brave, bone-headed parachuter was to be tried for murder.

Mr. Turner waits just long enough to see his shrewish wife softened by the news of his coming death, then takes 'plane to Burma, where, he learns, the pilot has gone native. But he is to find that the pilot, far from deteriorating, has grown into being a thoughtful, imaginative and surprisingly intelligent member of nationalist Burma's new society. We fade back to 1945, to see how, when the pilot crashed in the Burmese jungle, he found regeneration among the native underground fighters, learned Buddhist principles, found a worthier wife in an intellectual Burmese girl. We are left, by the close of this part of the story, considerably the richer in information as to the Burmese independence movement, with which are linked reconstruction problems. How possible it is, or appears to be, that East and West should join hands—especially if the West combines a readiness to come across in matters of engineering with an open mind as to Eastern philosophy.

CONVENIENTLY, Morgan, the pilot, is able to put Mr. Turner up to date about developments with their friend the negro (Morgan being aided, one cannot avoid feeling, by an unexplained access of second sight). Appearances had been misleading: the negro had no more than attempted to kiss the girl—and, owing to intervention from high quarters, the original grave charge had not been pressed. So the negro had lived to return to England, after the war was over, and marry the girl: it had been a case of nothing worse than true love.

This story offers documentation as to situations which could arise when black and white American soldiers were billeted in the same English village—Mr. Shute takes the opportunity to point out, as kindly as can be, that the average English village, for all its slow ways, has something to teach Americans in the matter of colour tolerance and the colour bar. Such simplification of an embarrassing problem is

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

WHAT is it that Al Jolson has got that practically no other entertainer in the world has managed to sustain? In the early days of talking films he made people sob and squirm with the way in which he put over his songs on the screen. Then he became the butt of those people who imitate and those who think they can imitate, with what result?

The plain facts are these. In 1947 Mr. Jolson is still singing his way through *California, Here I Come* and *Rock-a-bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody* as if he meant every word he was singing and as if he means his listeners to believe him. That is something called sincerity, a far too rare attribute to-day in the world, artistic or otherwise.

Al Jolson has a heart, a voice and the intelligence not to attempt to re-dress his technique, which nearly twenty-five years ago was as successful as it is to-day.

And why should he change? After all, he still sells in his tens of thousands, which ought to make many people think, particularly his imitators, and wonder if they could do half as well as he has done through all these years. Brunswick 03719.

Robert Tredinnick

The recording of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony mentioned on June 18th was made by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and not, as stated, by the London Symphony Orchestra.

not out of place in a novel so frankly directed to the teaching of tolerance and charity: is Mr. Shute, all the same, justified in painting white American soldiers so very black, and black American soldiers so very white?

DUGGIE BRENT, Mr. Turner's third call, the parachuter whom society never has taught to box (and who accordingly, when insulted, went for his foe in the only way he knew of, *à la* Commando, with fatal effect) has, it is found, got off with six months for manslaughter. His counsel, also a parachuter (by the kind of coincidence of which Mr. Shute, being on the side of the angels, *should* be free to avail himself, and does), was the very man who trained Duggie to fight for quick results: he points out that if Duggie is guilty, so is he.

It does not, however, seem fair to allow irony to creep into any summary of this story: *The Chequer Board* is too sweet-natured a book to be challenged on grounds of artistic or factual validity. Its very naivety is, and should be, disarming. Moreover, like all Mr. Shute's work, it is almost demoralisingly readable. The story proceeds at just the right pace; the dialogue is convincing and the suspense maintained. The jam goes down acceptably: the powder we know to be in it can, we know equally, do us nothing but good.

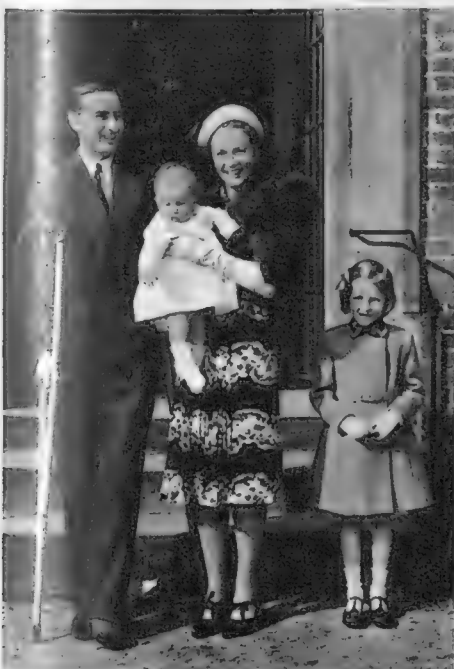
BOTH *The Chequer Board* and Janet Diebold's *Castle in Denmark* (Pilot Press; 8s. 6d.) are in a sense fairy stories. Mr. Shute deals incredibly with the commonplace, employing coincidence and sudden conversion in order to arrive at the right answer; Mrs. Diebold deals conversationally and credibly with the fantastic. In a castle set among lovely gardens, impinged upon by pine forests, continually refreshed by watery winds from the North Sea, resides an Ambassador, grave, handsome and wise—the type *European*, one may assume, for the young American authoress of this novel. The Ambassador holds seminars on international affairs for groups of students; and here, at his special invitation, arrives the shy, over-sensitive daughter of an American professor—to be the only woman ever to join the group.

Joanna becomes, as it were, the victim of the love of two unlike men: the civilised, urbane Ambassador, whose feeling for her has an element of the vampire about it, and the resentful, gauche American student, who has to trade in, only, a living future against his rival's offer of the dead past.

The story, tensely undramatic in its treatment, builds itself up through a series of minor happenings, student discussions, excursions, rides through the forest. Not least, we have the embarrassments of a young girl faced by a situation which is, socially and emotionally, more than she can handle. The colour of the Danish countryside, the movement of clouds, the stifling closeness of rain, the sensuous joys of a castle of soft carpets, firelight, wine and books—all these are, with thriller-craft, used to create a world in which terror, anger, bewilderment, have full play. The climax effectively terrifies. . . .

*Castle in Denmark* is a young book, whose only faults, being youthful, may not repeat themselves in Mrs. Diebold's next. If there is to be a next—or is she a one-book author? One must wait to see.

## CHRISTENINGS



Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. David Seth-Smith, of Aldershot, with their infant son who was christened John David Vaughan at Church Crookham, Hampshire



Capt. Iain Tennant and the Hon. Margaret Tennant with their son, Mark Edward. On the left are the Earl and Countess of Airlie, grandparents, and right, Major T. A. Gore-Brown, Grenadier Guards, godfather



Lt. Wake Walker, R.N., and Lady Anne Wake Walker, daughter of Earl and Countess Spencer, after the christening of their son, David Christopher, at Westminster Abbey



# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



**Butler — Crabtree**

Mr. Robert Michael Butler, youngest son of the late Mr. I. Gaunt Butler and Mrs. Butler, of Hadley, Cornwall Road, Harrogate, married Miss Noelle Daphne Crabtree, younger daughter of Mr. Charles H. Crabtree, of Stonefall Hall, Harrogate, and the late Mrs. M. E. Crabtree, of Thorner, at Christ Church, Harrogate



**Merriam — Elvery**

Sub-Lt. Michael Kennedy Merriam, R.N.V.R., younger son of Mr. Laurence and Lady Marjory Merriam, of The White House, Langham, Colchester, married Miss Anne Teresa Elvery, only daughter of Lt.-Col. P. G. M. Elvery, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Elvery, of Barton-on-Sea, at St. Mary Magdalene, Old Milton, Hants.



**St. George — Le Bas**

Capt. Charles Anthony St. George, of the Coldstream Guards, elder son of the Marquis and Marchioness Zimmerman of St. George, of Malta, married Miss Mary Le Bas, only daughter of the late Mr. H. E. Le Bas and Mrs. Le Bas, of Two Acres, Chobham, Surrey, at Brompton Oratory, London



**Berwick — Cooper**

Lt. A. P. H. Berwick, youngest son of Mrs. E. Berwick, of Derigate, Northampton, married Subaltern Audrey L. Cooper, daughter of Mrs. Langhorne and stepdaughter of Mr. A. W. Langhorne, of Oakington Avenue, Little Chalfont, Bucks., at Chénies Church, Bucks.



**Dawson — Lambton**

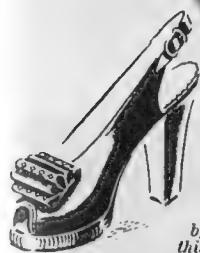
Mr. Evelyn Arthur St. Clair Dawson, only son of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. H. M. Dawson, of 4, Herbert Crescent, S.W.1, married Miss Helena Norah Lambton, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lambton, 32, Argyll Mansions, S.W.3, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



**Agnew — Close**

Mr. Stephen William Agnew, son of Sir John Agnew, Bart., and Lady Agnew, of Rougham, married Miss Elizabeth Brooks Close, daughter of the late Mr. James Brooks Close and Mrs. Close, of Grey Walls, Aldeburgh, at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Aldeburgh

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**FASHION**  
**PAGE**  
 by  
**Winifred**  
**Lewis**

Long dresses have made a tentative appearance at formal outdoor functions of late. The long dress which can be adapted for evening wear has its obvious advantages, and Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are making a speciality of this type of day-into-evening wear.

This flowery print, worn by Mrs. Anne Rawnsley at Henley, becomes an evening dress by the removal of the bolero jacket



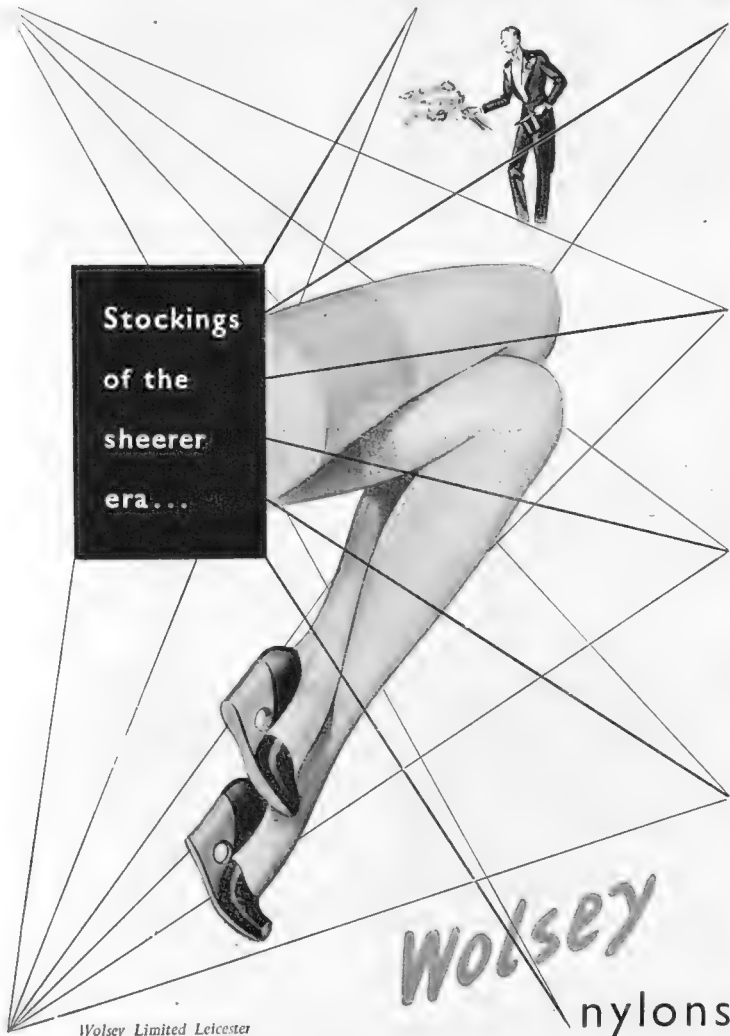
*Photograph by Derek Adkins*

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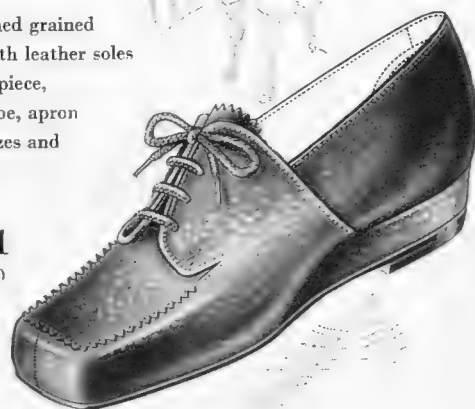
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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss Angela Street, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Street, of Barton Lawn, near Elstree, Herts, has become engaged to the Hon. David Montague de Burgh Kenworthy, eldest son of Lord Strabolgi, of Iddesleigh House, Westminster, and of Doris, Lady Strabolgi, of 137 Gloucester Road, S.W.7



Bassano

Miss Nina Graeme Blacker, only child of the late Mr. Justice Blacker, I.C.S., of Lahore, and of Mrs. B. G. Blacker, of Blackers, Hayling Island, Hants, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. David Robert Edgar, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edgar, of St. Catherine's Court, Hayling Island



Pearl Freeman

Miss Josephine Lister, only daughter of the late Major Charles Lister, of San Remo, Italy, and of Mrs. Le Gros, of 232 Great West Road, Hounslow, has announced her engagement to Major Peter Royle, second son of the late Mr. Vernon Royle and of Mrs. Royle, Stanmore Lodge, Lancaster



Mrs. Joan Proud, daughter of Dr. Myer Coplans, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Coplans, of Hendon, who is shortly marrying Mr. Aubrey Bassett Jolly, of St. John's School, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Bassett Jolly, of Guildford, Surrey



Mr. John James Walters and Mrs. Vera de Savary who are being married at Maracaibo, Venezuela, shortly. Mr. Walters (late 60th Rifles) is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walters, of 25 Bishop's Mansions, S.W.6, and Mrs. de Savary, of Hatch Farm, Liphook, Hants, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright, Solent Cottage, Hill Head, near Fareham, Hants

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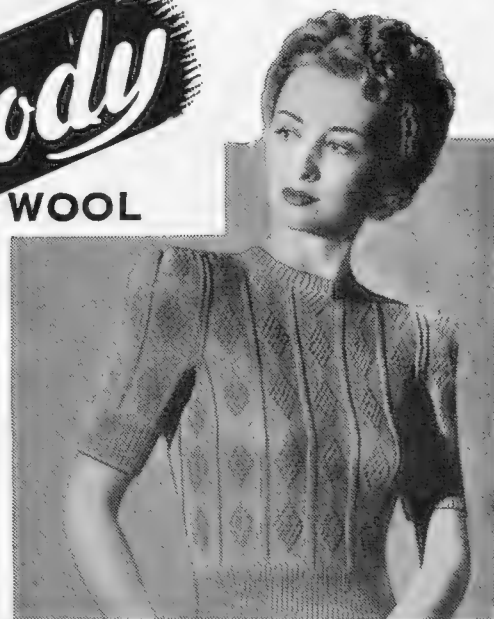


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# Oliver Steward on FLYING

THE Blackpool air meeting, organized by the Air League, should help to decide a question of the moment: Is the larger public any longer interested in flying as a spectacle? There have been signs here and there that the interest is much less than it was before the war. Attendances at the meetings and displays so far held have nearly always fallen below expectations.

At Blackpool the weather was bad for the opening. That must have accounted for what the new departmental jargon would no doubt describe as the "high degree of absenteeism on the part of spectator group units." A very fine effort was made by the pilots to provide displays worth watching and the attendance figures for the final week should be significant.

Rather surprisingly the static display at Blackpool proved exceptionally good. British Overseas Airways and British European Airways had excellent exhibits, and so did the Ministry of Civil Aviation. In fact the Ministry of Civil Aviation scheme for telling people how aerodrome control is exercised at airports was admirable.

## The Griffith Aerofoil

HIGH hopes were built on the idea that the Griffith aerofoil might be made to work by blowing air over part of it instead of sucking air in. The Griffith aerofoil, for those who have forgotten this amazingly interesting novelty in wing shapes, might be crudely described as a very fat wing, with a kink in the back.

At or near the kink air is sucked into the wing with the consequence that the air flow is kept smooth. Before this scheme was mooted it had always been supposed that to keep the air flow smooth, a smooth surface with no sharp bends or kinks was needed.

But sucking air into a wing is a rather difficult process and the pumps and pipes put up the weight so much that the wing must show a much greater efficiency if it is to be worth while. Blowing air over the wing, it was thought, would be easier. But it has

now been found that the advantages are mainly illusory and that suction probably remains the best method.

## Silence, Please

A HOUSE-HUNTING friend told me the other day that the only properties whose values have not rocketed are those close to aerodromes. He argued that people had enough of aeroplanes during the war and that few are now willing to live within earshot of aero-engine noises.

Personally I rather doubt if values are much affected; but I do endorse the view that civil flying noises are even more intrusive than Service flying noises. There is an aerodrome close to where I live. Spitfires were there during the war and were exceedingly active. But they did not seem to make such worrying noises as the present light aeroplanes and transport machines.

If the departments of State concerned with aviation—and there are now many of them—were seriously

looking to the "national interest" they would long ago have put in hand the construction of three or four experimental *silent* aircraft. Nobody yet knows exactly what can be done when there is a real, concentrated effort to obtain quietness.

## Amateur Photocopters

IT was not only the *Daily Express* which realized that helicopters might be especially well suited to the taking of photographs from the air. An amateur photographer was on a longish flight in one of the Westland-Sikorsky helicopters and saw a large country house which he wanted to photograph. He was able to take pictures from many angles and even to go down almost into the courtyard for one shot.

The result was a most interesting series of photographs; a series which could not have been obtained from a fixed wing aeroplane or indeed by any other means save from a helicopter.

Many will remember that when flying became general aerial photography suddenly developed into—almost—an art of its own. Perhaps the coming of the helicopter will lead to the introduction of yet another kind of photography.

## U.S. Engines

AMERICAN aero engines have always maintained an extremely high reputation for trustworthiness and efficiency. They have often been compared with British air-cooled radial engines to the disadvantage of the British ones. And in many instances the comparisons were justifiable. Just recently, however, there has been a remarkable run of engine trouble reports for American aircraft. Such reports warrant very careful scrutiny before they are accepted, for the ordinary eye witness is inclined to put every sort of aircraft difficulty down to "engine trouble." But it does seem that the Americans have had an unlucky period.

Such things go in waves and I do not feel that the American troubles cast any real doubt on the excellence of the engines.

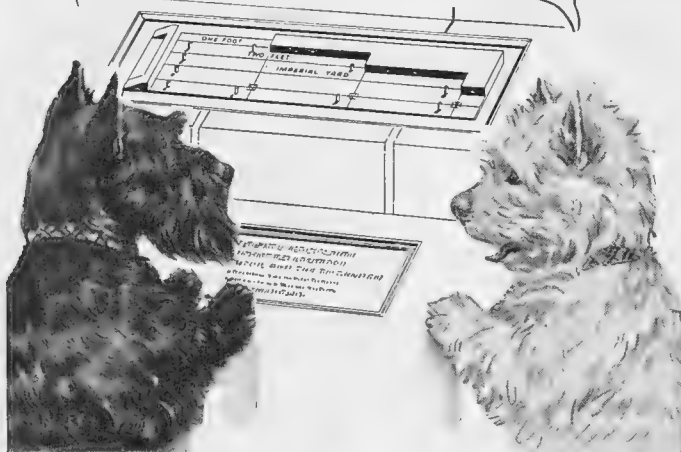


Cdr. Kit Nicholson, R.N. receiving, on behalf of the Royal Naval Soaring Team, the Londonderry Cup from Professor D. Brunt at the National Gliding Contests, Bramcote

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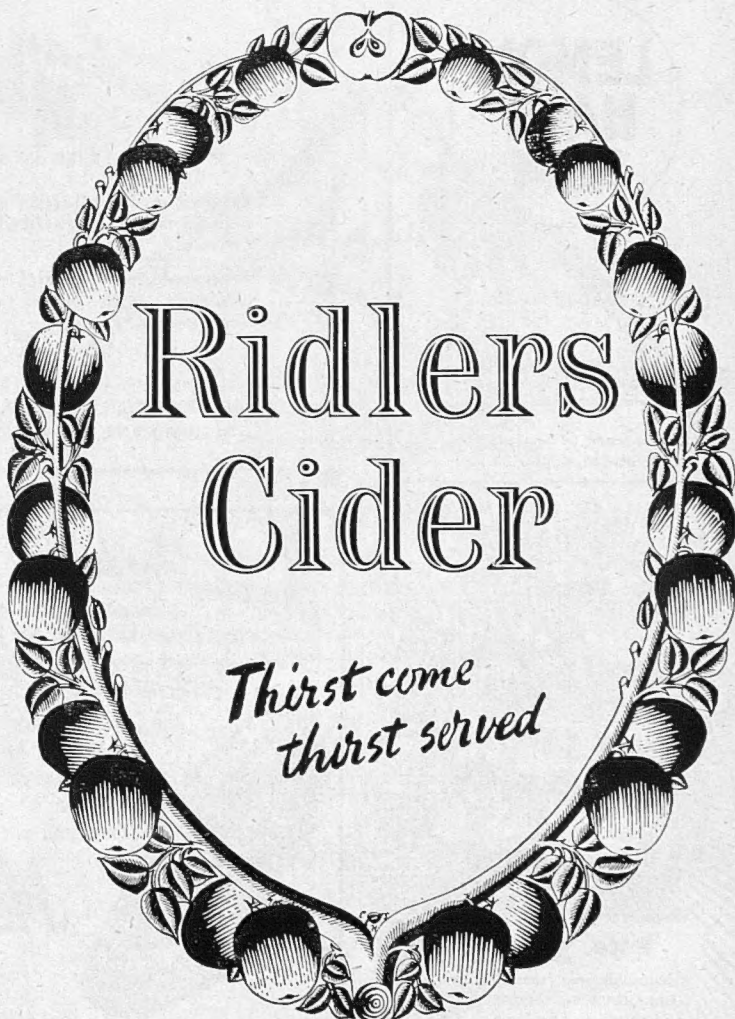
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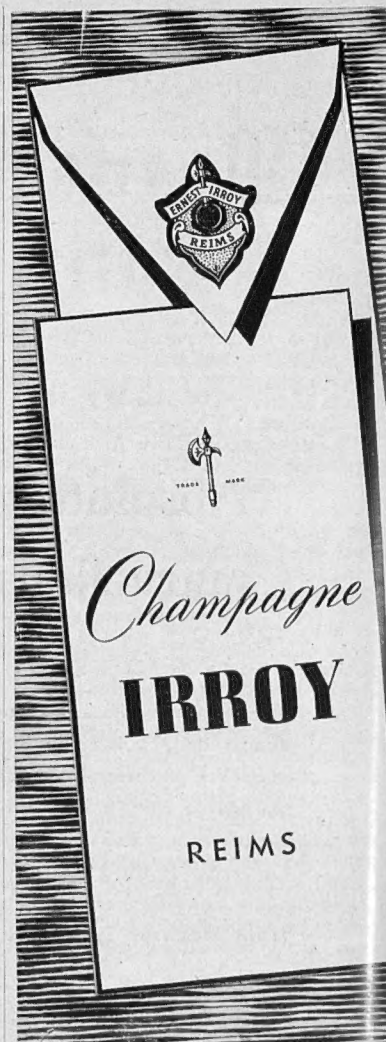
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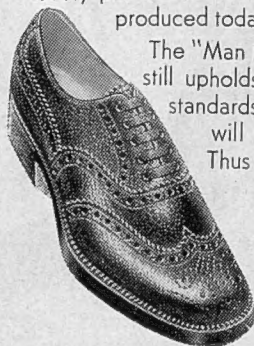
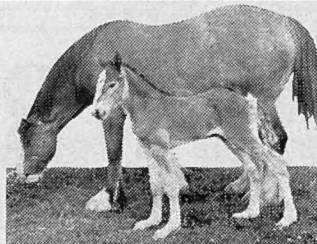
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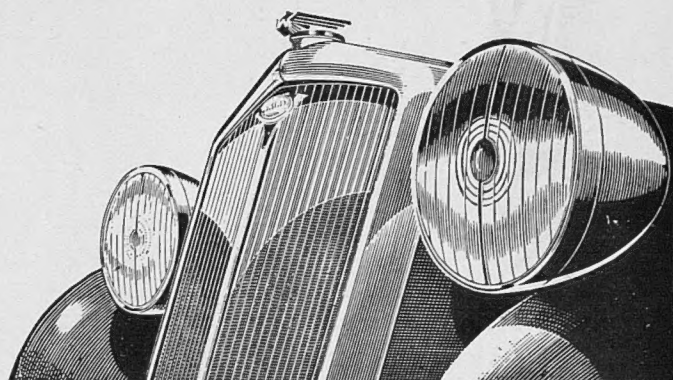
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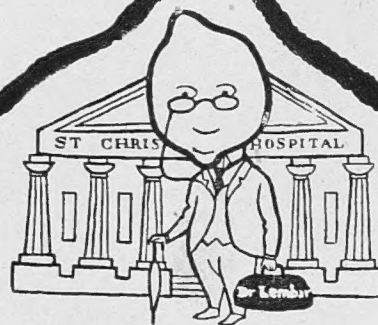
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